Hymns for Christian Youth

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Hymns for Christian Youth

A Collection of Hymns Embracing the best of both the Old and the New

For Young People's Societies, Sunday Schools, Prayer Meetings and Conventions

PRICES

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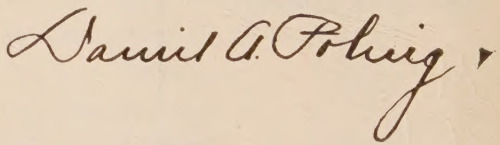
INTRODUCTION

The selection of hymns and songs that the United Society of Christian Endeavor makes available to the young people of the churches in this booklet is undoubtedly one of the finest combinations of both old and new and represents the best thought of the most competent Christian leaders. Mr. John R. Clements, famous hymn writer; Mr. Percy S. Foster, for years an outstanding song director of the nation; and Mr. C. C. Hamilton, publication manager, have co-operated to make the book possible. It comes with the hope and prayer that it will prove a far-reaching blessing. It is sent forth on its mission of song with the faith and confidence of the officers of the Christian Endeavor movement.



Hymns for Christian Youth

1 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. Ad. by J. G. Walton.

M. 96 = ♩
1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy Whene'er we hear that glo - rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir - tuous life:
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!

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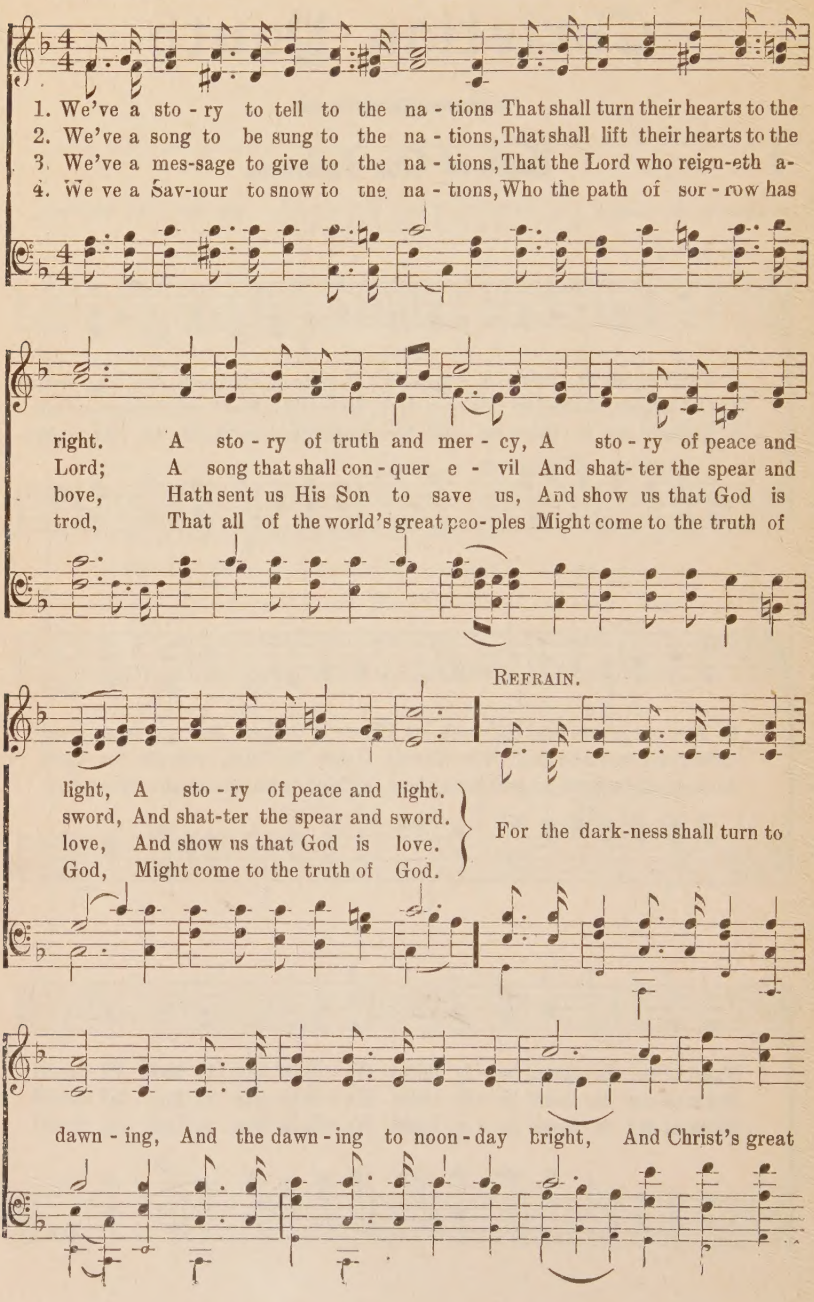
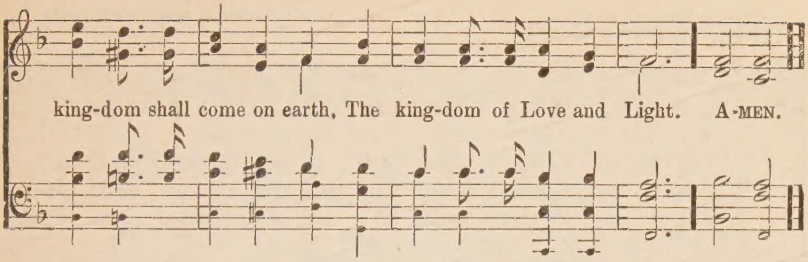
We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne, 1896. Adapted from H. Ernest Nichol, 1896


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions That shall turn their hearts to the
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the
3. We've a mes-sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord who reign-eth a-
4. We've a Sav-iour to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has
right. A sto - ry of truth and mer - cy, A sto - ry of peace and
Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat- ter the spear and
bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is
trod, That all of the world's great peo-ples Might come to the truth of
Refrain.
light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
sword, And shat-ter the spear and sword.
love, And show us that God is love.
God, Might come to the truth of God.
For the dark-ness shall turn to
dawn - ing, And the dawn - ing to noon - day bright, And Christ's great

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



3 Dear Lord and Father of Mankind.

John G. Whittier, 1872. **Frederick C. Maker, 1887.**

1. Dear Lord and Fa - ther of man - kind, For - give our fev - erish
2. In sim - ple trust like theirs who heard, Be - side the Syr - ian
3. O Sab - bath rest by Gal - i - lee! O calm of hills a -
4. Drop Thy still dews of qui - et - ness, Till all our striv - ings
5. Breathe thro' the heats of our de - sire Thy cool - ness and Thy
ways; Re - clothe us in our right - ful mind; In pur - er lives Thy
sea, The gra - cious call-ing of the Lord, Let us, like them, with-
bove! Where Je - sus knelt to share with Thee The si - lence of e -
cease; Take from our souls the strain and stress, And let our or - dered
balm; Let sense be dumb, let flesh re - tire; Speak thro' the earth-quake,
ser - vice find, In deep - er rev - erence, praise.
out a word, Rise up and fol - low Thee.
ter - ni - ty, In - ter - pret - ed by love.
lives con - fess The beau - ty of Thy peace.
wind, and fire, O still small voice of calm! A - MEN.

This Is My Father's World.

Maltbie D. Babcock, 1901.

Traditional English Melody.
Arranged by S. F. L., 1915.

1. This is my Fa-ther's world, And to my list-ening ears, All
2. This is my Fa-ther's world, The birds their car - ols raise, The
3. This is my Fa-ther's world, O let me ne'er for - get That
na - ture sings, and round me rings The mu - sic of the spheres. This
morn-ing light, the lil - y white, De - clare their Ma-ker's praise. This
tho' the wrong seems oft so strong, God is the Ru - ler yet. This
is my Fa-ther's world, I rest me in the thought Of rocks and
is my Fa-ther's world, He shines in all that's fair; In the rust - ling
is my Fa-ther's world, The bat - tle is not done, Je - sus who
trees, of skies and seas— His hand the won - ders wrought.
grass I hear Him pass, He speaks to me ev-'ry-where.
died shall be sat - is - fied, And earth and heav'n be one. A - MEN.

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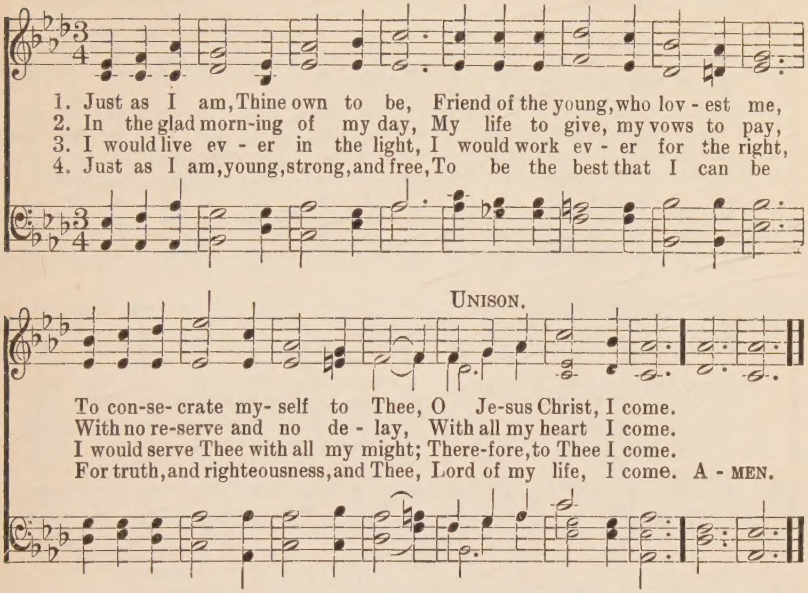
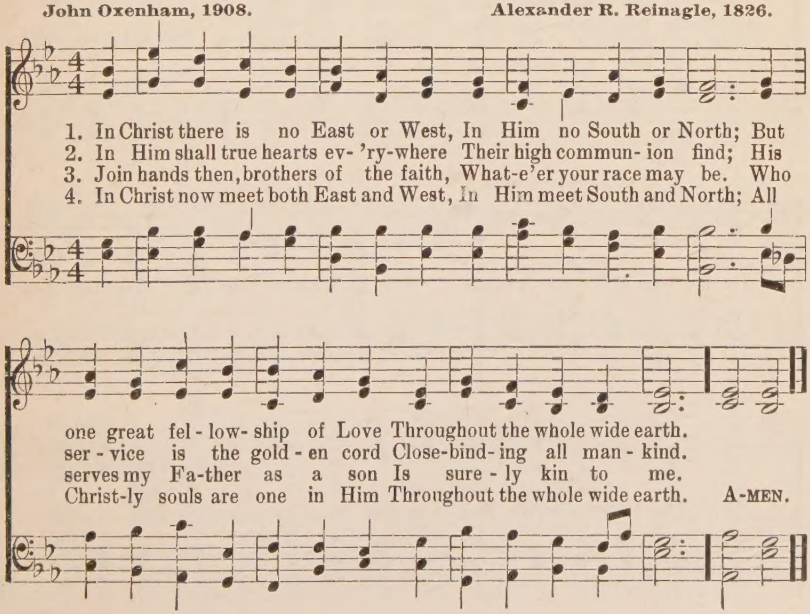
5 Just As I Am, Thine Own to Be.

Marianne Hearn, 1887. Joseph Barnby, 1893.


1. Just as I am, Thine own to be, Friend of the young, who lov - est me,
2. In the glad morn-ing of my day, My life to give, my vows to pay,
3. I would live ev - er in the light, I would work ev - er for the right,
4. Just as I am, young, strong, and free, To be the best that I can be
UNISON.
To con-se-crate my- self to Thee, O Je-sus Christ, I come.
With no re-serve and no de - lay, With all my heart I come.
I would serve Thee with all my might; There-fore, to Thee I come.
For truth, and righteousness, and Thee, Lord of my life, I come. A - MEN.

6 In Christ There is No East or West.

John Oxenham, 1908. Alexander R. Reinagle, 1826.


1. In Christ there is no East or West, In Him no South or North; But
2. In Him shall true hearts ev- 'ry-where Their high commun- ion find; His
3. Join hands then, brothers of the faith, What-e'er your race may be. Who
4. In Christ now meet both East and West, In Him meet South and North; All
one great fel - low- ship of Love Throughout the whole wide earth.
ser - vice is the gold - en cord Close-bind- ing all man - kind.
serves my Fa-ther as a son Is sure - ly kin to me.
Christ-ly souls are one in Him Throughout the whole wide earth. A-MEN.

Do Better Still!

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Robert P. Anderson. **Charles S. Brown.**

1. Ne'er be con - tent - ed with what you have done, Tho' oth - ers praise you, and
2. When you have done what you start - ed to do, Do not im - ag - ine that
3. Nev - er be - lieve you have done your full best; Al - ways with - in there are
4. Wheth-er you wit-ness or wheth - er you pray, Serv - ing your comrades how-
hon - ors you've won. Tow'rs yet a - bove you the top of the hill;
you are quite thro'; Oth - er tasks chal-lenge you; such is God's will,
pow'rs un - express'd. Try once a - gain; you will feel a new thrill,
ev - er you may, Do not al - low your en - deav - or to chill,
Chorus.
On - ward then, up - ward, and do bet - ter still.
Charg-ing you, call - ing you, "Do bet - ter still."
Find - ing you're a - ble to do bet - ter still.
Ev - er keep try - ing to do bet - ter still.
Do bet - ter still!
Do bet - ter still! Ev -'ry true ef - fort in- creas-es your skill. Do bet - ter
still! Do bet - ter still! Plan for the fu - ture and work with a will.

Some Bright Morning.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Be not a - wea-ry, for la - bor will cease Some glad morn-ing;
2. Wea - ri-some burdens will all be laid down, Some glad morn-ing;
3. La - bor well done shall re-ceive its re - ward, Some glad morn-ing;
4. O what a time of re - joic-ing will come, Some glad morn-ing;
5. There with the loved ones who've gone on be - fore, Some glad morn-ing;
Tur - moil will change in - to in - fi - nite peace, Some bright morn-ing.
Then shall our cross be exchanged for a crown, Some bright morn-ing.
Those who are faith-ful shall be with the Lord, Some bright morn-ing.
When all the ransomed are gathered at home, Some bright morn-ing.
We shall sing praise to the Lamb ev - er - more, Some bright morn-ing.
Chorus.
Some bright morning, Some glad morn-ing, When the sun is shin-ing
in th' e-ter - nal sky;..... Some bright morning, Some glad
cres.
morn-ing,.... We shall see the Lord of Har-vest, By and by.

The Church by the Side of the Road.

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Rev. W. C. Poole. B. D. Ackley.

1. Thro' the mist of years I can seem to see The church of my childhood
2. And the old, old songs that we used to sing, I'm sing- ing them o'er and
3. At the place of pray'r, in that lit - tle church, I knelt at my mother's
4. There's a hallowed spot 'neath the old pine tree, Where mother was laid to
days; And it's mem'ries sweet, so with joy re - plete, Shall live in my
o'er; They give strength and cheer, when the clouds draw near, And lead to the
side, There the Lord I found, it is ho - ly ground, The One who for
rest; What a joy 'twill be her dear face to see, With Him that I
CHORUS. (First four measures old melody.)
heart al - way.
oth - er shore.
sin- ners died.
love the best.
Then on mem - o - ry's page I can see a - gain, The
church by the side of the road; And wher- ev - er I
roam, it is guid - ing me home, The church by the side of the road.

Since Jesus Came Into My Heart.

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R. H. McDaniel. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 80 =

1. What a won-der-ful change in my life has been wrought Since Je-sus came
2. I have ceased from my wand'ring and go-ing a-stray, Since Je-sus came
3. I'm pos-sessed of a hope that is stead-fast and sure, Since Je-sus came
4. There's a light in the val-ley of death now for me, Since Je-sus came
5. I shall go there to dwell in that Cit-y I know, Since Je-sus came
in-to my heart; I have light in my soul for which long I had sought,
in-to my heart; And my sins which were man-y are all washed a-way,
in-to my heart; And no dark clouds of doubt now my path-way ob-scure,
in-to my heart; And the gates of the Cit-y be-yond I can see,
in-to my heart; And I'm hap-py, so hap-py as on-ward I go,
CHORUS.
Since Je-sus came in-to my heart. Since Je-sus came in-to my
Since Je-sus came in, came
heart, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart; Floods of joy o'er my
in-to my heart, Since Je-sus came in, came in-to my heart;
soul like the sea bil-lows roll, Since Je-sus came in-to my heart.

Is It the Crowning Day?

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George Walker Whitcomb. Charles H. Marsh.

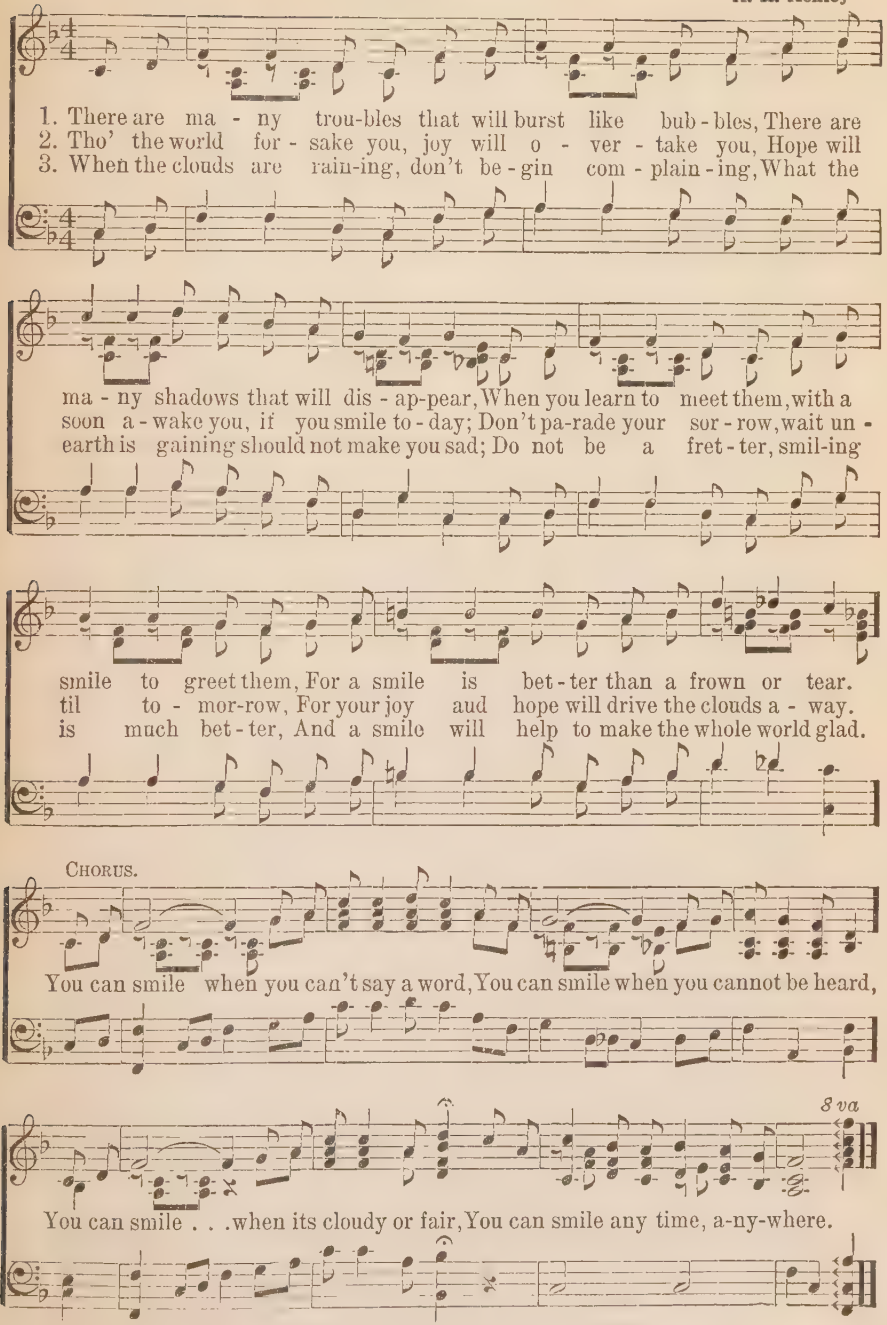
M. 63 = 𝅗𝅥.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I would
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day, Glad day! Seem-eth I
3. Why should I anx - ious be? Glad day, Glad day! Lights ap-pear
4. Faith-ful I'll be to - day, Glad day, Glad day! And I will
see my Friend; Dan - gers and troub - les would end If
hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
on the shore, Storms will af - fright nev - er - more, For
free - ly tell Why I should love Him so well, For
CHORUS.
Je-sus should come to-day.
I should go home to-day.
He is "at hand" to-day.
He is my all to-day.
Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown - ing
day? I'll live for to-day, nor anx - ious be; Je-sus my Lord I
rit.
soon shall see. Glad day, Glad day! Is it the crown-ing day?

YOU CAN SMILE

A. H. A.

A. H. Ackley


1. There are ma - ny trou-bles that will burst like bub - bles, There are ma - ny shadows that will dis - ap-pear, When you learn to meet them, with a smile to greet them, For a smile is bet - ter than a frown or tear.
2. Tho' the world for - sake you, joy will o - ver - take you, Hope will soon a - wake you, if you smile to - day; Don't pa-rade your sor - row, wait un - til to - mor-row, For your joy and hope will drive the clouds a - way.
3. When the clouds are rain-ing, don't be - gin com - plain - ing, What the earth is gaining should not make you sad; Do not be a fret - ter, smil-ing is much bet - ter, And a smile will help to make the whole world glad.
Chorus.
You can smile when you can't say a word, You can smile when you cannot be heard,
8va
You can smile . . . when its cloudy or fair, You can smile any time, a-ny-where.

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I Need Jesus.

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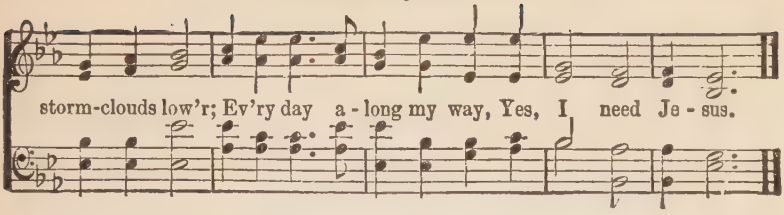
George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel

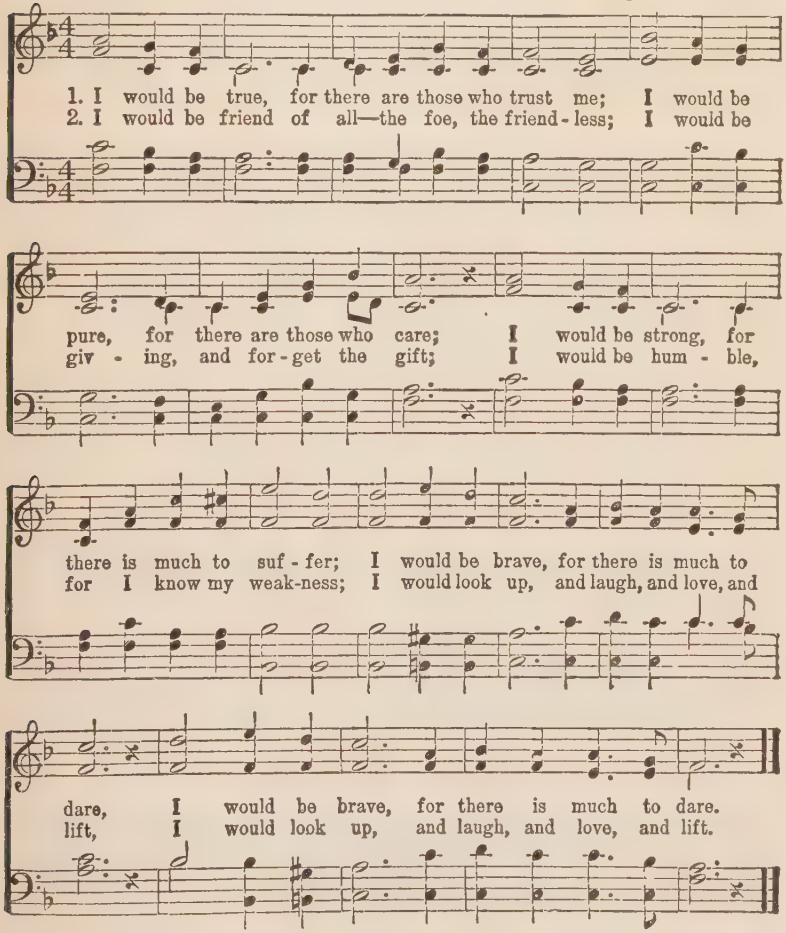
M. 76 =
1. I need Je - sus, my need I now con - fess; No friend like Him in
2. I need Je - sus, I need a friend like Him, A friend to guide when
3. I need Je - sus, I need Him to the end; No one like Him—He
times of deep dis - tress; I need Je - sus, the need I glad - ly
paths of life are dim; I need Je - sus when foes my soul as-
is the sin - ner's Friend; I need Je - sus, no oth - er friend will
own; Tho' some may bear their load a - lone, Yet I need Je - sus.
sail; A - lone I know I can but fail,—So I need Je - sus.
do; So con-stant, kind, so strong and true,—Yes, I need Je - sus.
CHORUS.
I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus, I need Je-sus ev - 'ry
I need Je-sus with me, I need Je - sus al-ways,
day;..... Need Him in the sun-shine hour, need Him when the
ev-'ry day;

I Need Jesus.



14 I Would Be True.

Howard Arnold Walter. Joseph Yates Peek.


1. I would be true, for there are those who trust me; I would be
2. I would be friend of all—the foe, the friend - less; I would be
pure, for there are those who care; I would be strong, for
giv - ing, and for - get the gift; I would be hum - ble,
there is much to suf - fer; I would be brave, for there is much to
for I know my weak-ness; I would look up, and laugh, and love, and
dare, I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
lift, I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

I Would Be Like Jesus.

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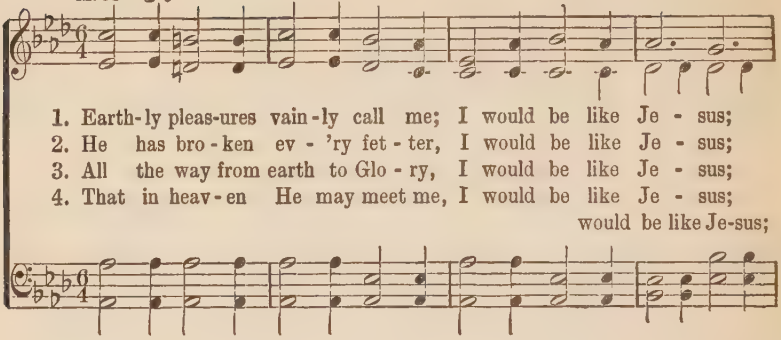
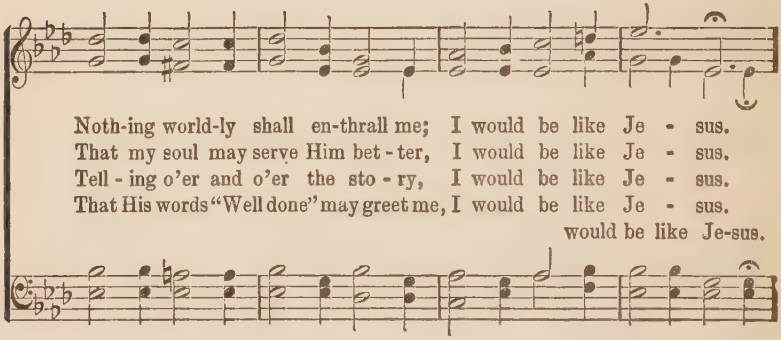
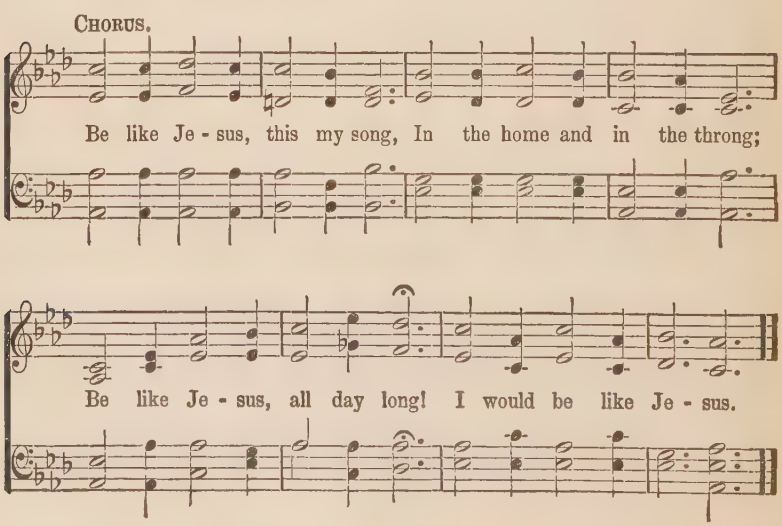
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe. B. D. Ackley.

M. 54 = 𝅗𝅥.


1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev - 'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;


Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.



He Keeps Me Singing.

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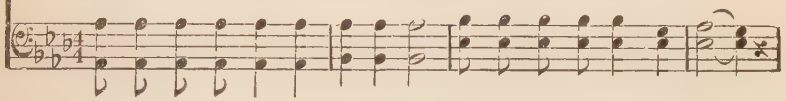
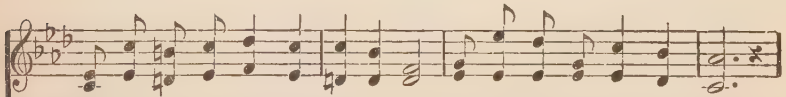
L. B. B.

L. B. Bridgers.

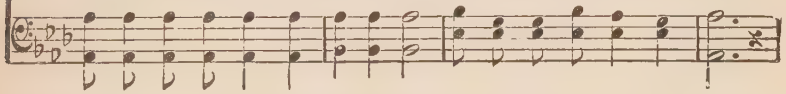
M. 100 = ♩

1. There's with-in my heart a mel - o - dy Je - sus whispers sweet and low,
2. All my life was wrecked by sin and strife, Dis-cord filled my heart with pain,
3. Feast - ing on the rich - es of His grace, Resting 'neath His shelt'ring wing,
4. Tho' sometimes He leads thro' waters deep, Tri - als fall a - cross the way,
5. Soon He's com-ing back to wel-come me Far be-yond the star - ry sky;

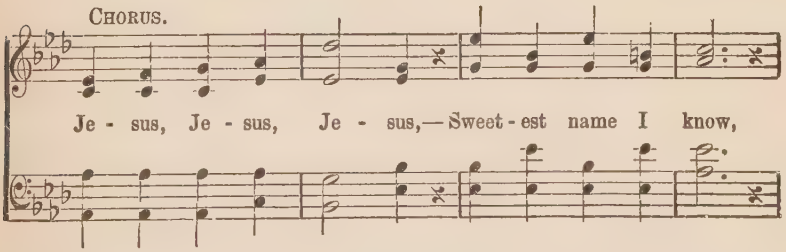




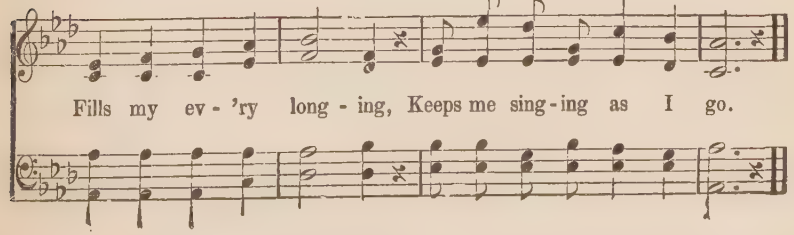
"Fear not, I am with thee, peace be still," In all of life's ebb and flow.
Je - sus swept a-cross the broken strings, Stirred the slumb'ring chords again.
Al - ways look-ing on His smil-ing face, That is why I shout and sing.
Tho' sometimes the path seems rough and steep, See His footprints all the way.
I shall wing my flight to worlds unknown, I shall reign with Him on high.



CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus,— Sweet - est name I know,



Fills my ev - 'ry long - ing, Keeps me sing - ing as I go.

In My Heart There Rings a Melody.

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E. M. R. — Elton M. Roth.

M. 63.

1. I have a song that Je - sus gave me, It was sent from heav'n a - bove; There nev - er was a sweet-er mel - o - dy, 'Tis a
2. I love the Christ that died on Cal - v'ry, For He washed my sins a - way; He put with-in my heart a mel - o - dy, And I
3. 'Twill be my end - less theme in glo - ry, With the an - gels I will sing; 'Twill be a song with glo-rious har - mo - ny, When the

CHORUS.

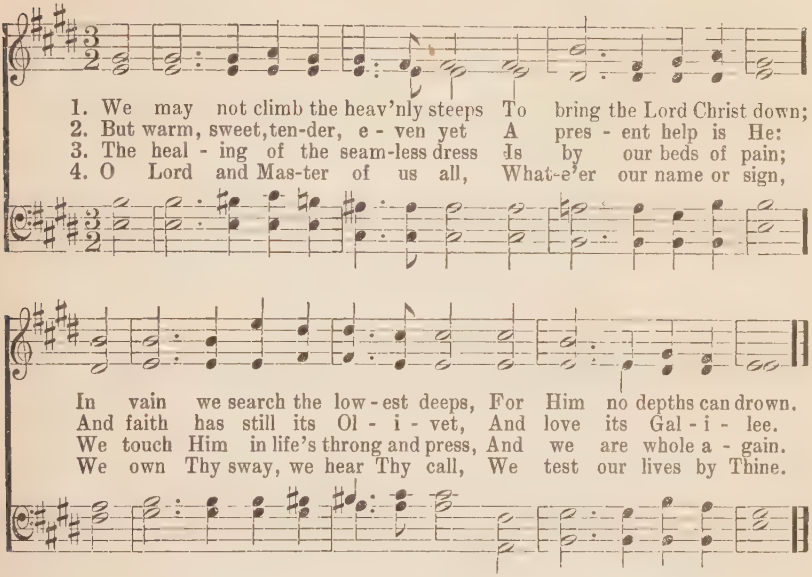
mel - o - dy of love. In my heart there rings a mel - o - dy, There
known it's there to stay.
courts of heav - en ring.

rings a mel - o - dy with heav-en's har - mo - ny; In my heart there

rings a mel - o - dy; There rings a mel - o - dy of love.

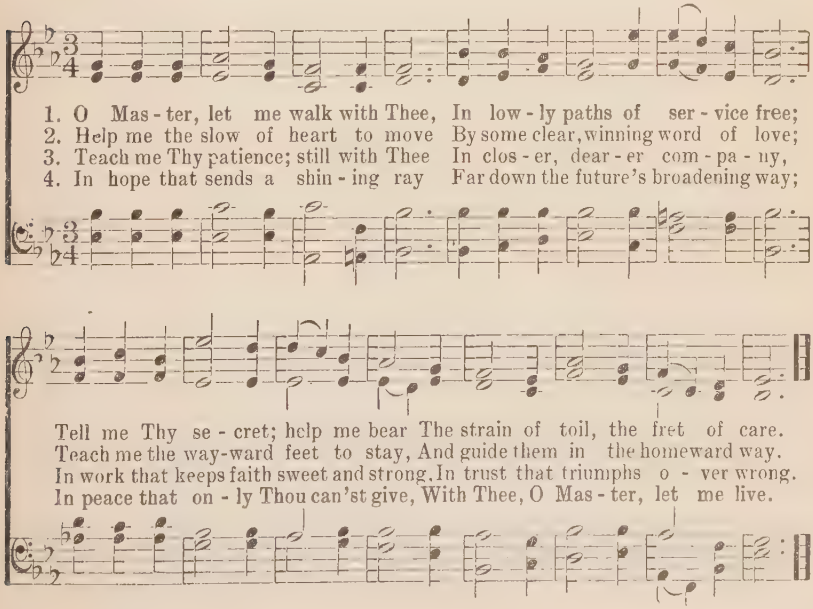
18 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

J. G. Whittier. (SERENITY. C. M.) W. V. Wallace.


1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He:
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all, What-e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine.

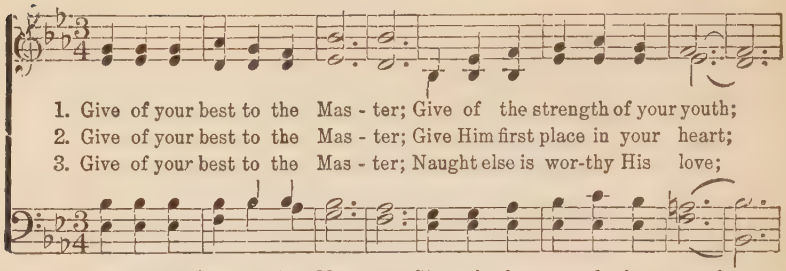
19 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

W. Gladden. H. Percy Smith.


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with Thee, In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee In clos - er, dear - er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broadening way;
Tell me Thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o - ver wrong.
In peace that on - ly Thou can'st give, With Thee, O Mas - ter, let me live.

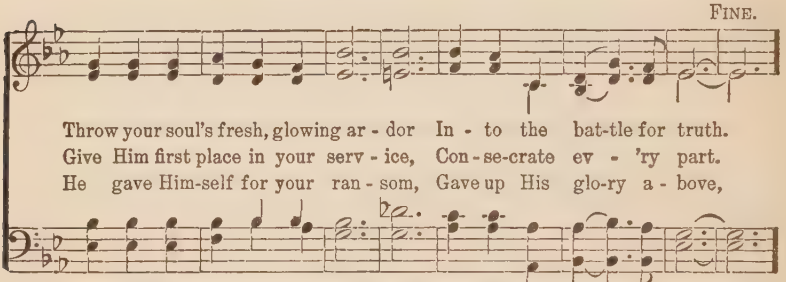
Give Of Your Best To The Master.

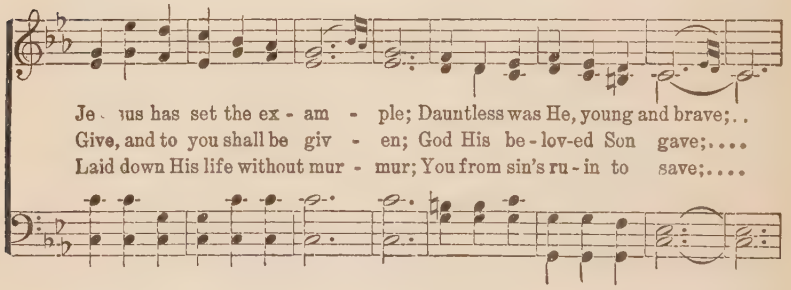
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.

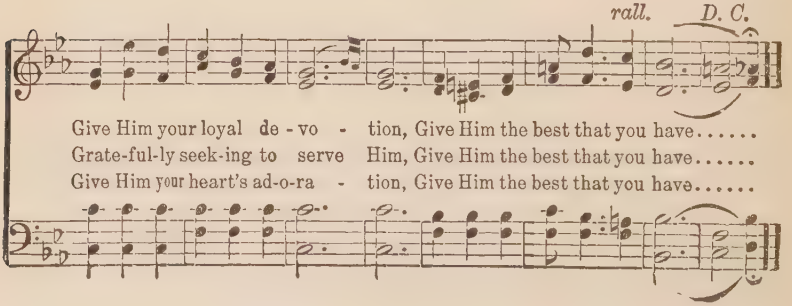

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor-thy His love;

REF.— Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;

FINE.


Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove,
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.


Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;. .
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov-ed Son gave;. . . .
Laid down His life without mur - mur; You from sin's ru - in to save;. . . .


rall.
D. C.
Give Him your loyal de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . . . .
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have. . . . . .
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. . . . . .

The Old Rugged Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. BENNARD.

G. B. SOLO AND CHORUS. WORDS AND MUSIC. Rev. Geo. Bennard.

HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

1. On a hill far a - way stood an old rug-ged cross, The em-blem of suf - f'ring and shame,
2. Oh, that old rug-ged cross, so de - spised by the world, Has a wondrous at- trac - tion for me,
3. In the old rug-ged cross, stained with blood so di - vine, A won - drous beau - ty I see;
4. To the old rug-ged cross I will ev - er be true, Its shame and re- proach glad - ly bear;

And I love that old cross where the dear - est and best
For the dear Lamb of God left His glo - ry a - bove,
For 'twas on that old cross Je - sus suf-fered and died,
Then He'll call me some day to my home far a - way,

CHORUS.

For a world of lost sin-ners was slain. So I'll cher - ish the old rug-ged cross, the
To bear it to dark Cal - va - ry.
To par - don and sanc - ti - fy me.
Where His glo-ry for - ev - er I'll share.

cross,..... Till my tro-phies at last I lay down; I will cling to the old rug-ged cross,

old rug-ged cross,..... And ex-change it some day for a crown.
cross, the old rug-ged cross,

Carry Thy Burden to Jesus.

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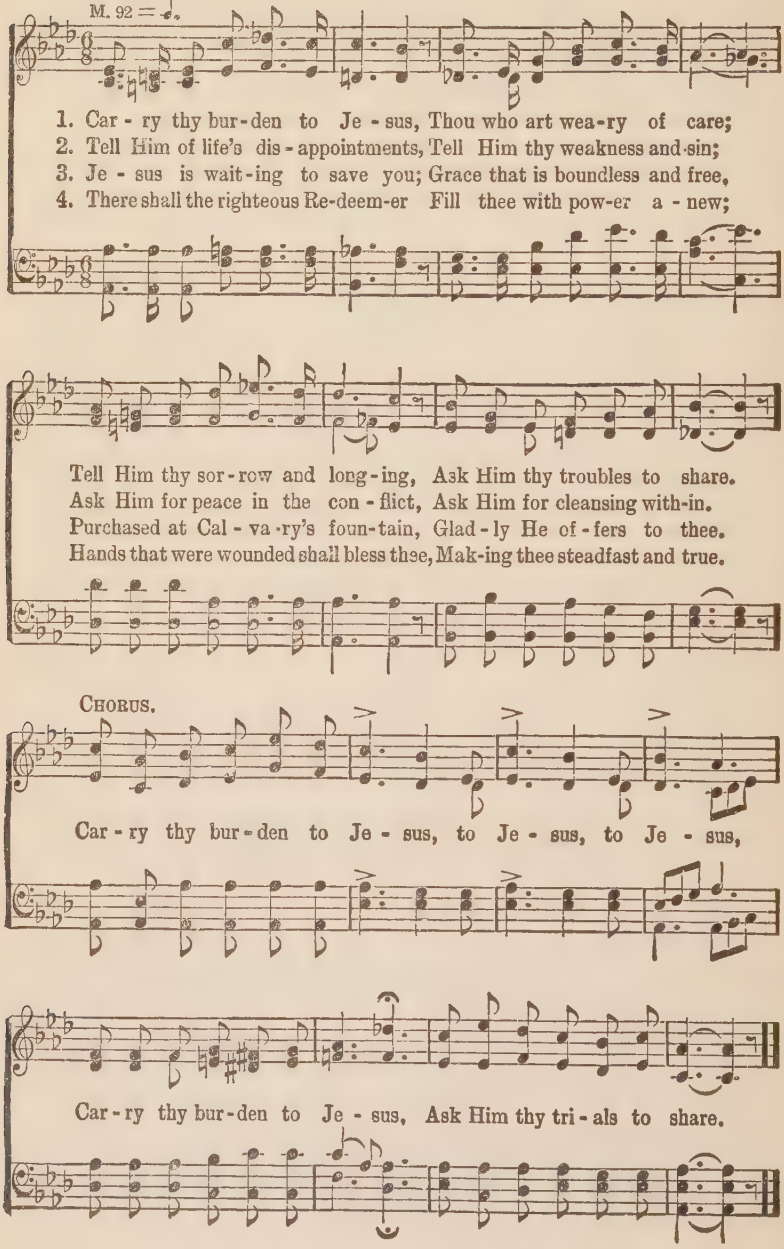
Ethel Verne King. Robert Hood Bowers.

Allegretto moderato.

M. 92 = ♩.


1. Car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, Thou who art wea - ry of care;
2. Tell Him of life's dis - appointments, Tell Him thy weakness and sin;
3. Je - sus is wait - ing to save you; Grace that is boundless and free,
4. There shall the righteous Re - deem - er Fill thee with pow - er a - new;
Tell Him thy sor - row and long - ing, Ask Him thy troubles to share.
Ask Him for peace in the con - flict, Ask Him for cleansing with - in.
Purchased at Cal - va - ry's foun - tain, Glad - ly He of - fers to thee.
Hands that were wounded shall bless thee, Mak - ing thee steadfast and true.
Chorus.
Car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, to Je - sus, to Je - sus,
Car - ry thy bur - den to Je - sus, Ask Him thy tri - als to share.

In the Service of the King.

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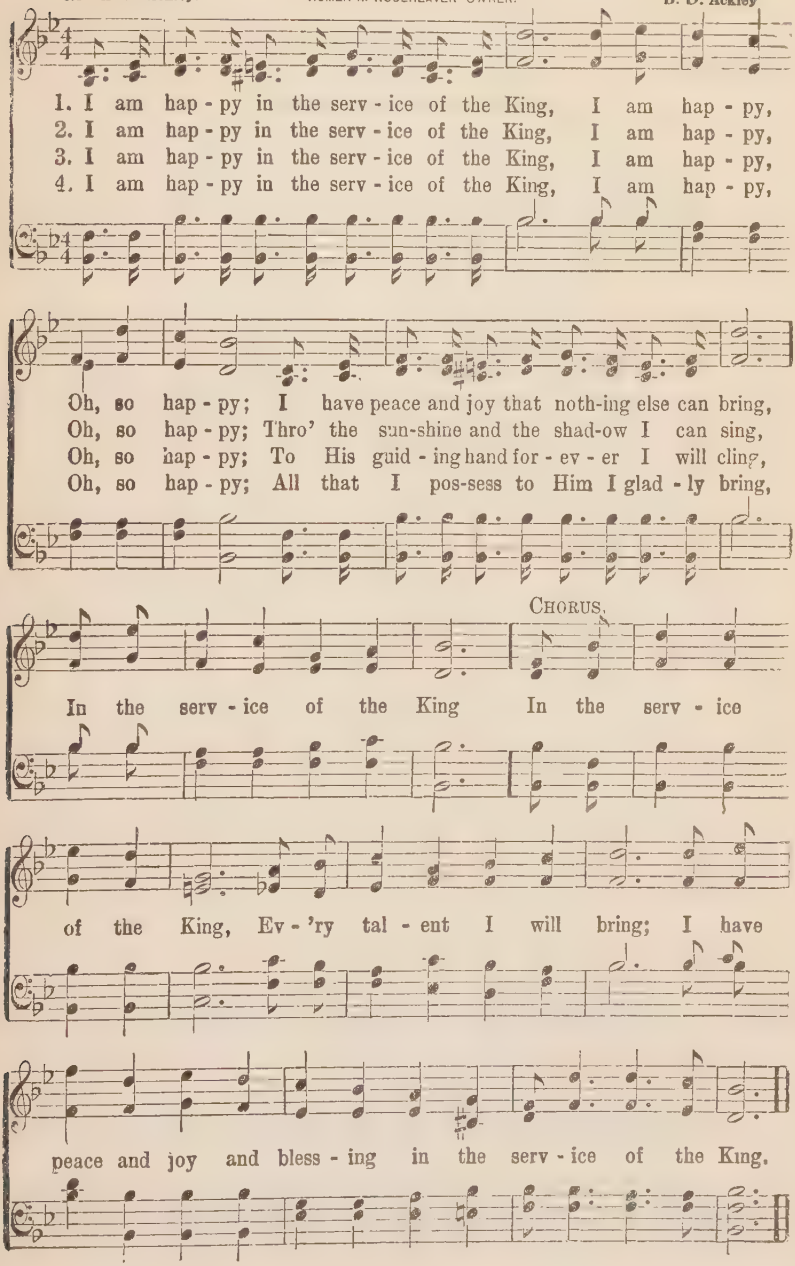
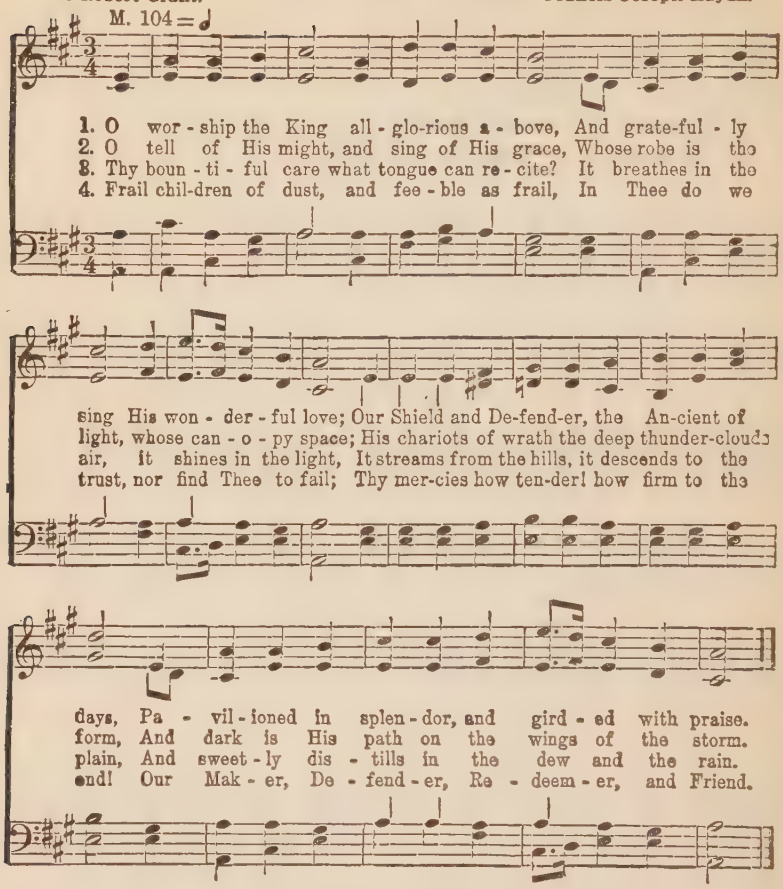
Rev. A. B Ackley. B. D. Ackley


1. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
2. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
3. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
4. I am hap - py in the serv - ice of the King, I am hap - py,
Oh, so hap - py; I have peace and joy that noth-ing else can bring,
Oh, so hap - py; Thro' the sun-shine and the shad-ow I can sing,
Oh, so hap - py; To His guid - ing hand for - ev - er I will cling,
Oh, so hap - py; All that I pos-sess to Him I glad - ly bring,
CHORUS.
In the serv - ice of the King In the serv - ice
of the King, Ev - 'ry tal - ent I will bring; I have
peace and joy and bless - ing in the serv - ice of the King.

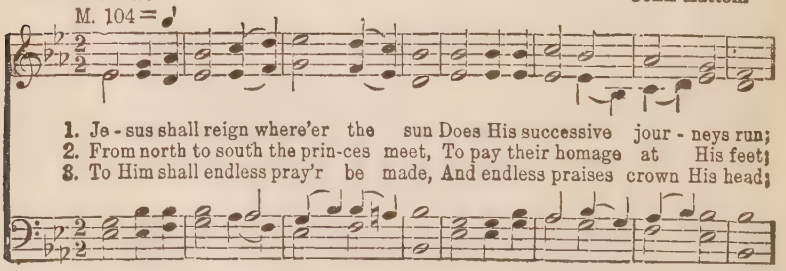
24 O Worship the King.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.

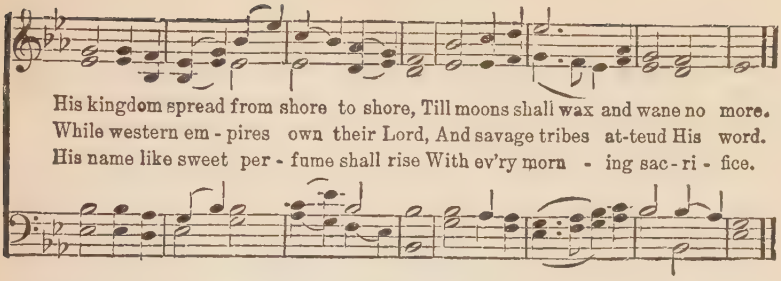

M. 104 = ♩
1. O wor - ship the King all - glo-rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love; Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the light, whose can - o - py space; His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer-cies how ten-der! how firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend.

25 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. John Hatton.


M. 104 = ♩
1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does His successive jour - neys run;
2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their homage at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;

Jesus Shall Reign.


His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western em - pires own their Lord, And savage tribes at-teud His word.
His name like sweet per - fume shall rise With ev'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.

26 Break Thou The Bread Of Life.

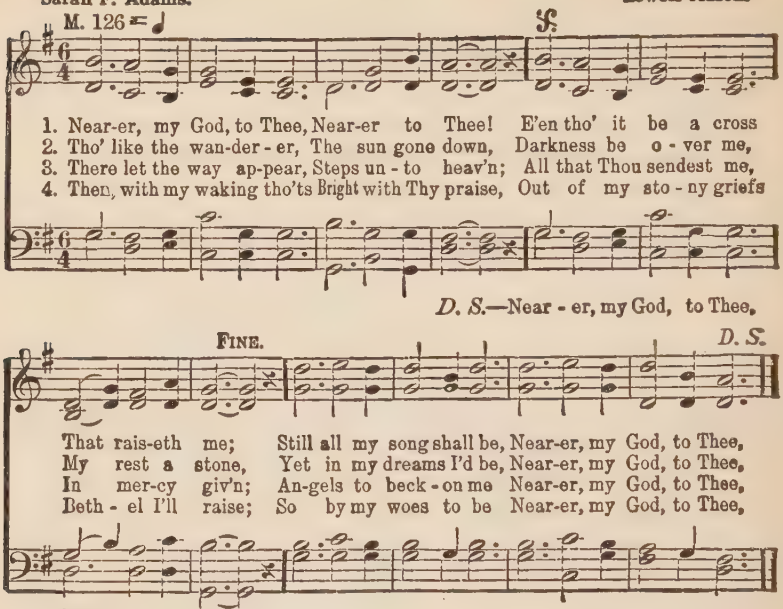
Mary Artemisia Lathbury — William L. Sherwin.

M. 96 = ♩

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst
2. Bless Thou the truth, Dear Lord, To me— to me— As Thou didst
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may
break the loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page
bless the bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease,
Word the truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live
touch my eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed
I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
With Thee a - bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
With - in Thy Word, And in Thy book revealed I see the Lord.

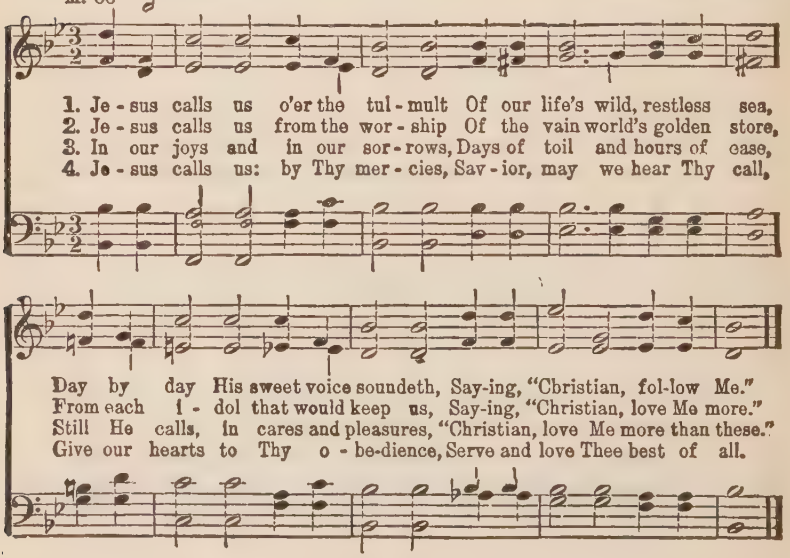
27 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. Lowell Mason.


M. 126
1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Darkness be o-ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto-ny griefs
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to Thee.
FINE.
D. S.
That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near-er, my God, to Thee,
In mer-cy giv'n; An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee,
Near-er to Thee!

28 Jesus Calls Us O'er the Tumult.

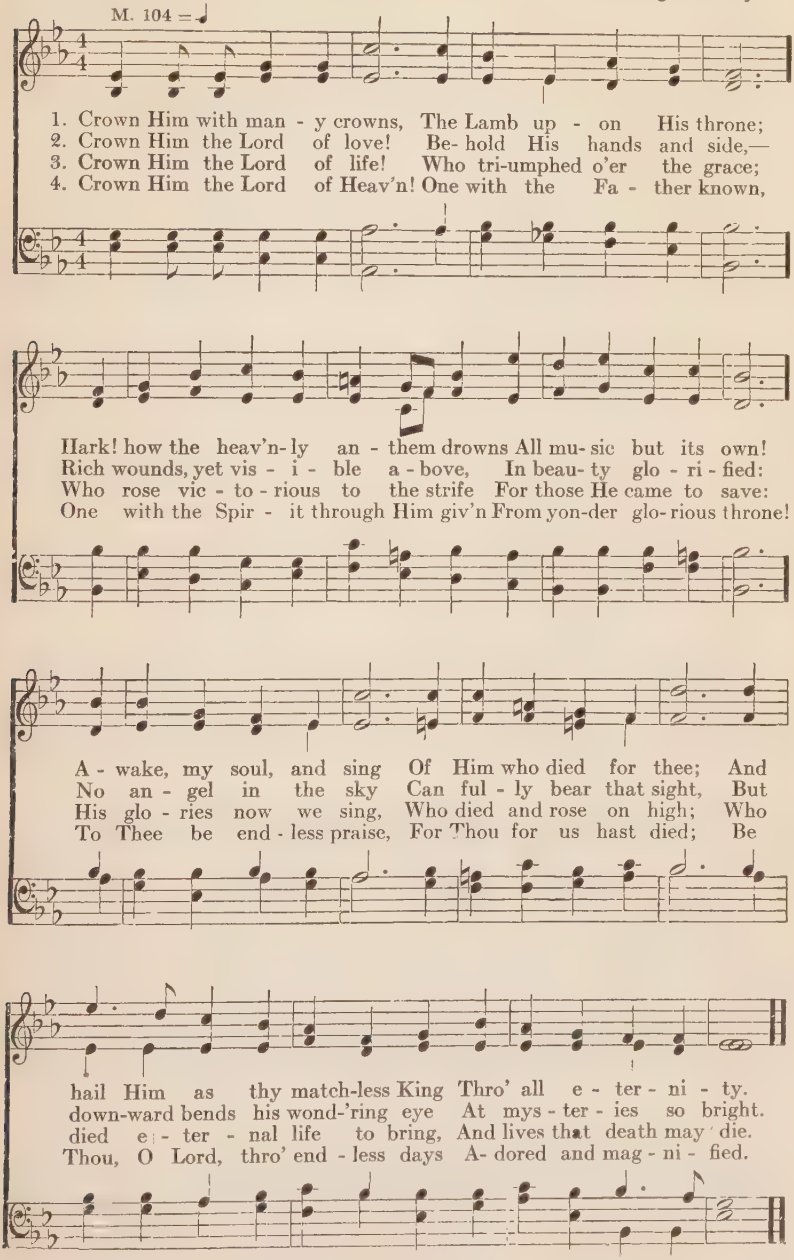
Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. William H. Jude.


M. 66
1. Je-sus calls us o'er the tul-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us: by Thy mer-cies, Sav-ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Say-ing, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o-be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

29 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. George J. Elvey.

M. 104 = ♩


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be- hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grace;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an - them drowns All mu- sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau- ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it through Him giv'n From yon-der glo- rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond-'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A- dored and mag - ni - fied.

Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.

M 69 = ♩.

1. Bless - ed as - sur - ance, Je - sus is mine! O what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vi-sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His
burst on my sight! An - gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove Ech - oes of
hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a-bove, Filled with His
Chorus.
Spir - it, washed in His blood.
mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
good - ness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my
sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.

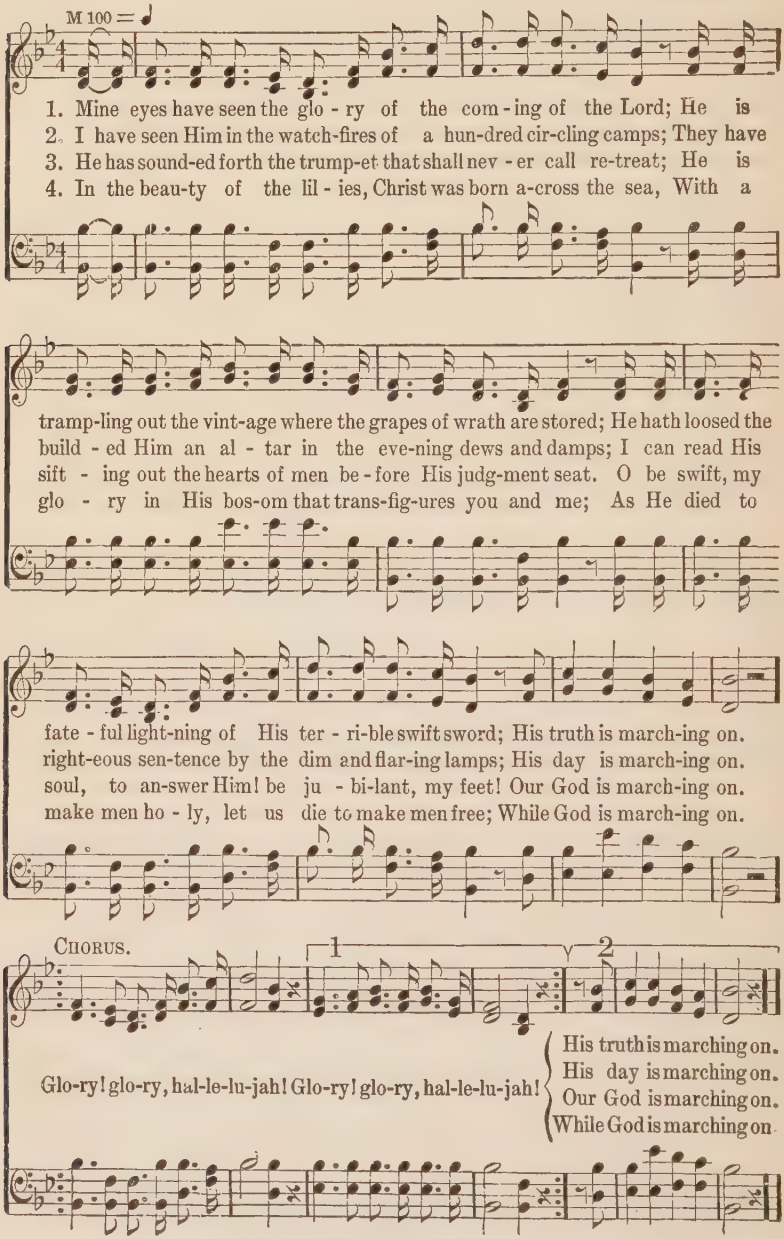
Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Arthur Sullivan.

M. 112
1. On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might - y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Broth-ers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your
Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
voic - es In the tri-umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church pre-vail; We have Christ's own prom-ise, Which can nev-er fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count-less a - ges Men and an-gels sing
CHORUS.
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March-ing as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


M 100 = ♩
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re-treat; He is
4. In the beau-ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tramp-ling out the vint-age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos-om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
Chorus.
1
2
Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.

America the Beautiful.

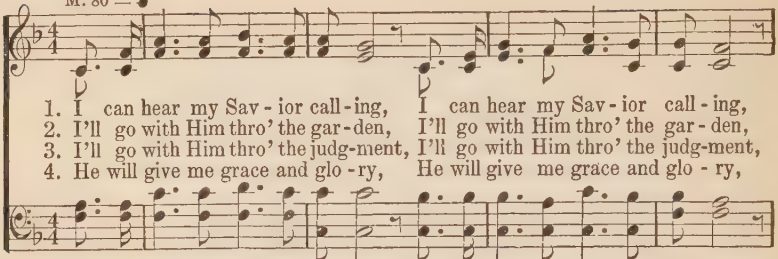
Katharine Lee Bates. M. 100 = ♩ Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain;....
2. O beau - ti - ful for pilgrim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress....
3. O beau - ti - ful for he-roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,.....
4. O beau - ti - ful for patriot dream That sees be-yond the years.....
For pur - ple mountain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their country loved, And mer-cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam Un-dimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - control, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no - ble-ness And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin - ing sea!

34 Where He Leads Me.

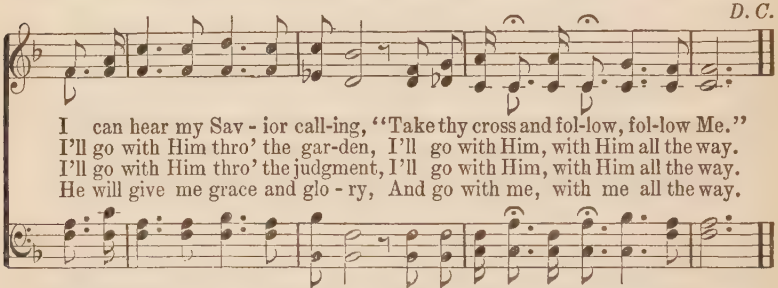
E. W. Blandly. J. S. Norris.

M. 80 = ♩


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D.C.–*Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

D. C.

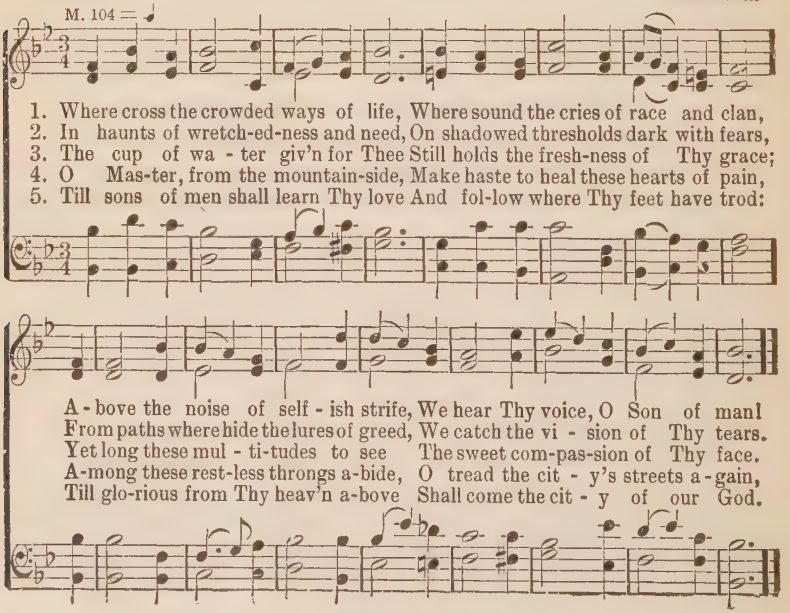

I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

35 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

W. Mason North. Beethoven.

M. 104 = ♩


1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan,
2. In haunts of wretch-ed-ness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the fresh-ness of Thy grace;
4. O Mas-ter, from the mountain-side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod:
A - bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
From paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi - sion of Thy tears.
Yet long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas-sion of Thy face.
A-mong these rest-less throngs a-bide, O tread the cit - y's streets a - gain,
Till glo-rious from Thy heav'n a-bove Shall come the cit - y of our God.

36

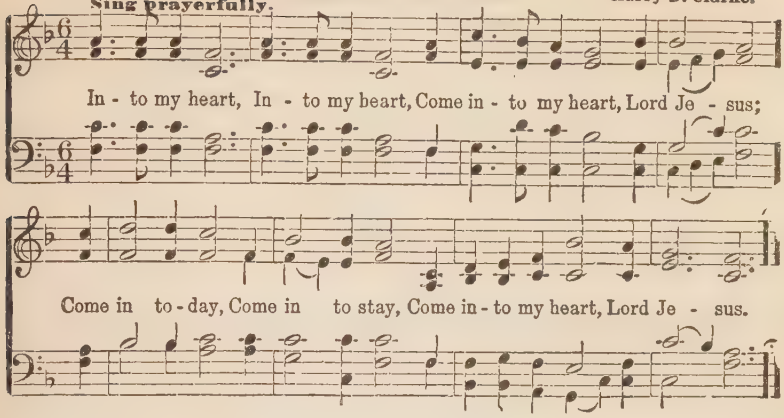
Into My Heart. (MY PRAYER.)

H. D. C.

Sing prayerfully.

Copyright, 1924, by Harry D. Clarke.

Harry D. Clarke.



37

An Evening Prayer.

C. M. Battersby.
Arr. by C. H. G.

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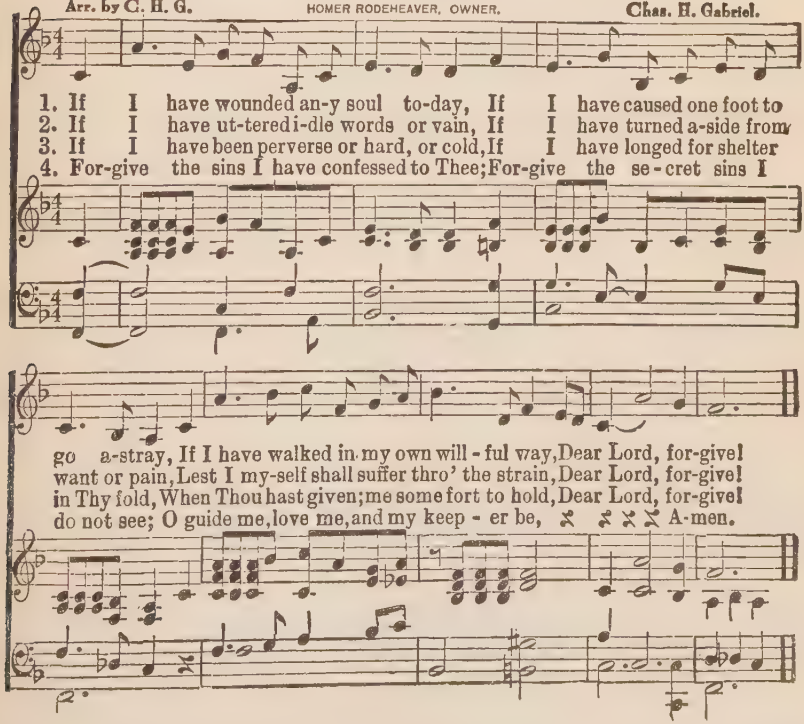
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. If I have wounded an-y soul to-day, If I have caused one foot to
2. If I have ut-teredi-dle words or vain, If I have turned a-side from
3. If I have been perverse or hard, or cold, If I have longed for shelter
4. For-give the sins I have confessed to Thee; For-give the se-cret sins I
go a-stray, If I have walked in my own will - ful way, Dear Lord, for-give!
want or pain, Lest I my-self shall suffer thro' the strain, Dear Lord, for-give!
in Thy fold, When Thou hast given; me some fort to hold, Dear Lord, for-give!
do not see; O guide me, love me, and my keep - er be, A-men.

SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

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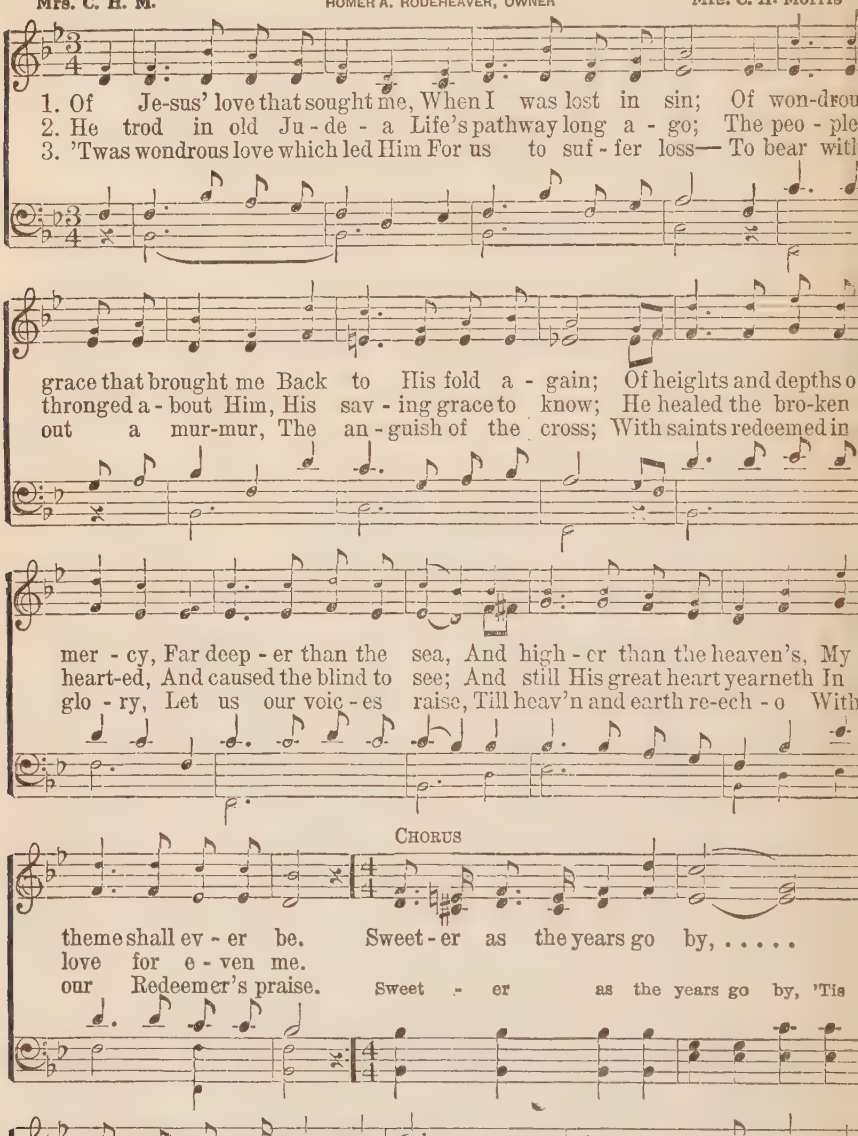
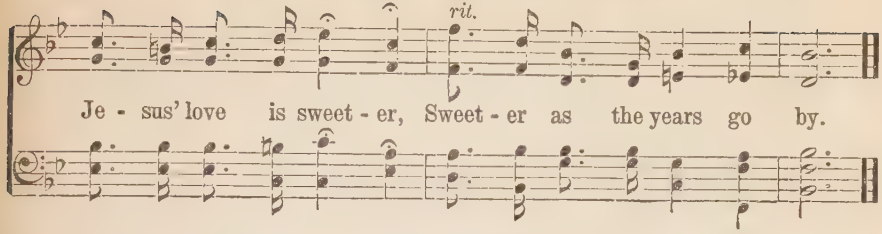
Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris


1. Of Je-sus' love that sought me, When I was lost in sin; Of won-drou
2. He trod in old Ju-de-a Life's pathway long a-go; The peo-ple
3. 'Twas wondrous love which led Him For us to suf-fer loss— To bear with
grace that brought me Back to His fold a-gain; Of heights and depths o
thronged a-bout Him, His sav-ing grace to know; He healed the bro-ken
out a mur-mur, The an-guish of the cross; With saints redeemed in
mer-cy, Far deep-er than the sea, And high-er than the heaven's, My
heart-ed, And caused the blind to see; And still His great heart yearneth In
glo-ry, Let us our voic-es raise, Till heav'n and earth re-ech-o With
CHORUS
theme shall ev-er be. Sweet-er as the years go by, ...
love for e-ven me.
our Redeemer's praise. Sweet-er as the years go by, 'Tis
Sweet-er as the years go by; Rich-er, full-er, deep-er,
sweet-er as the years go by;

SWEETER AS THE YEARS GO BY

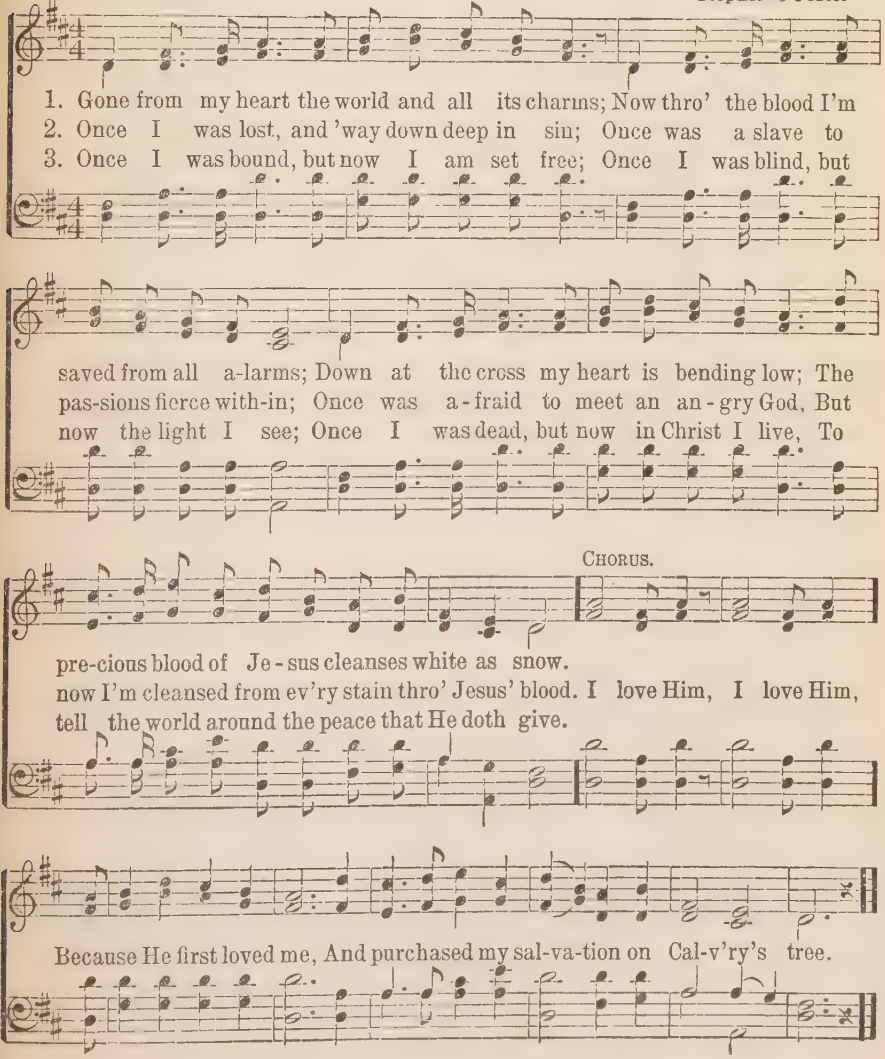


39

I LOVE HIM

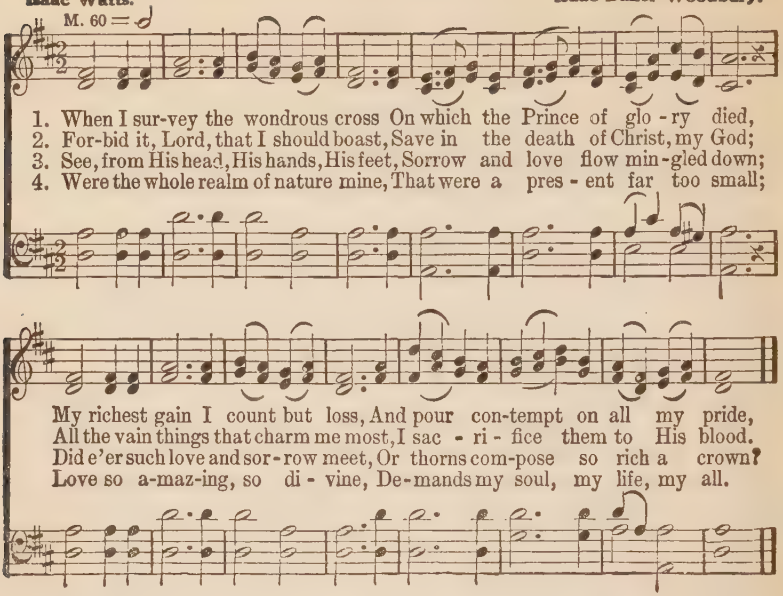
London Hymn Book

Stephen C Foster


1. Gone from my heart the world and all its charms; Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was lost, and 'way down deep in sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
saved from all a-larms; Down at the cross my heart is bending low; The
pas-sions fierce with-in; Once was a-fraid to meet an an-gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
Chorus.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now I'm cleansed from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world around the peace that He doth give.
Because He first loved me, And purchased my sal-va-tion on Cal-v'ry's tree.

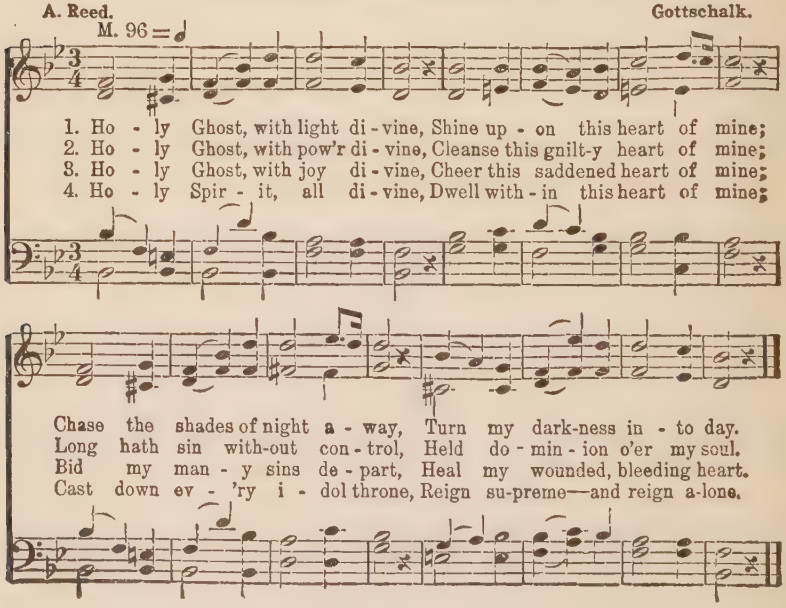
40 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. Isaac Baker Woodbury.


M. 60 =
1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow min-gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride,
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

41 Holy Ghost, With Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.


M. 96 =
1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di - vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di - vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di - vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, all di - vine, Dwell with - in this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark-ness in - to day.
Long hath sin with-out con - trol, Held do - min - ion o'er my soul.
Bid my man - y sins de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

Saved to Serve.

John D. Morgan.

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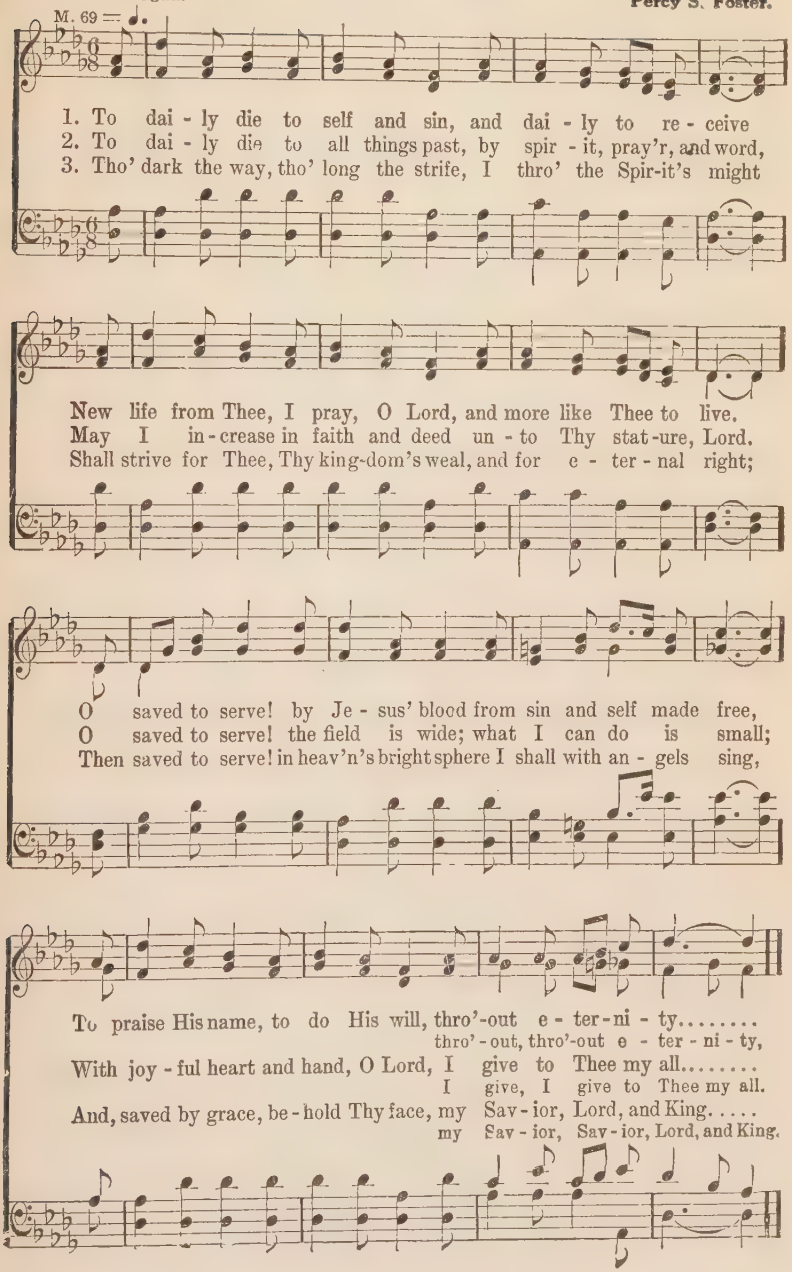
Percy S. Foster.

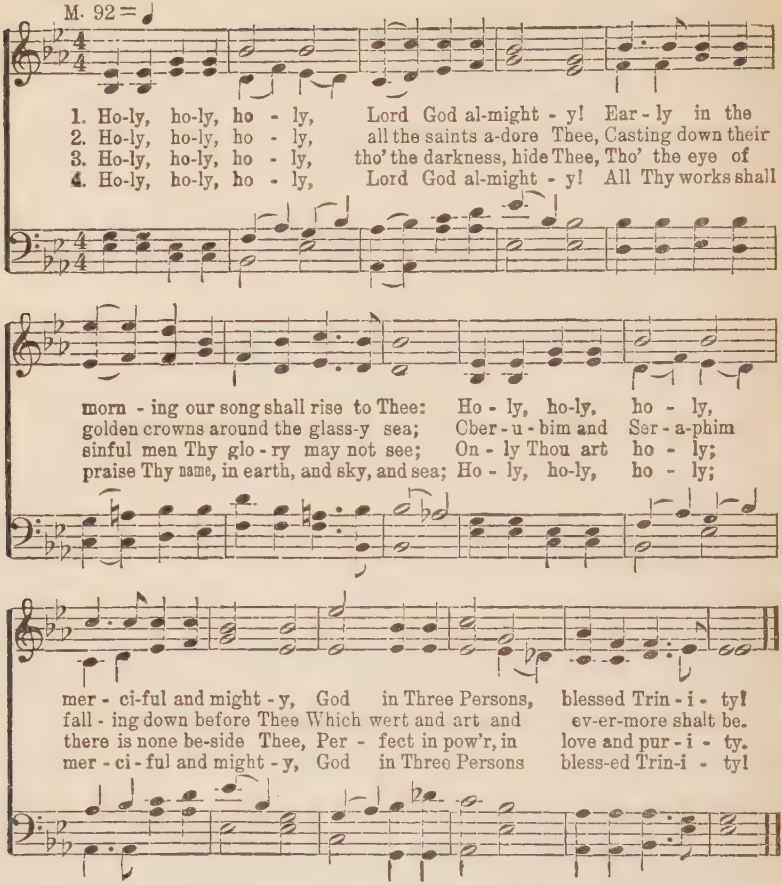
M. 69 = ♩.


1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, pray'r, and word,
3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir-it's might
New life from Thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like Thee to live.
May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to Thy stat-ure, Lord.
Shall strive for Thee, Thy king-dom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;
O saved to serve! by Je - sus' blood from sin and self made free,
O saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,
To praise His name, to do His will, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.....
thro' - out, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty,
With joy - ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to Thee my all.....
I give, I give to Thee my all.
And, saved by grace, be - hold Thy face, my Sav - ior, Lord, and King.....
my Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Lord, and King.

43 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

M. 92 = ♩


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore Thee, Casting down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness, hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God al-might - y! All Thy works shall
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee: Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly,
golden crowns around the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - a-phim
sinful men Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho-ly, ho - ly;
mer - ci-ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall - ing down before Thee Which wert and art and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons bless-ed Trin-i - ty!

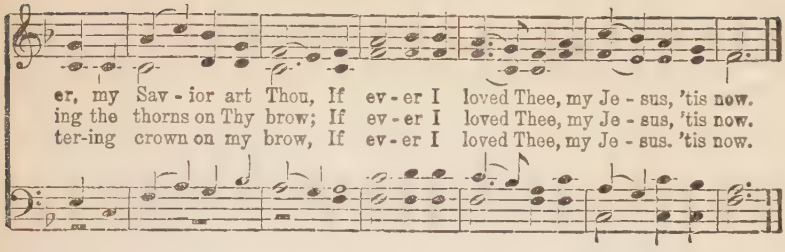
44 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book. A. J. Gordon.

M. 96 = ♩

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gracious Re - deem -
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear -
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright; I'll sing with the glit -

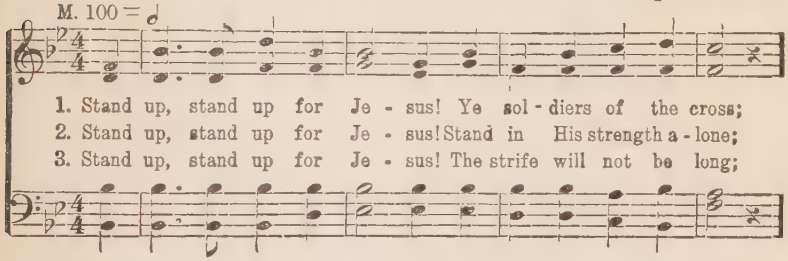
My Jesus I Love Thee.

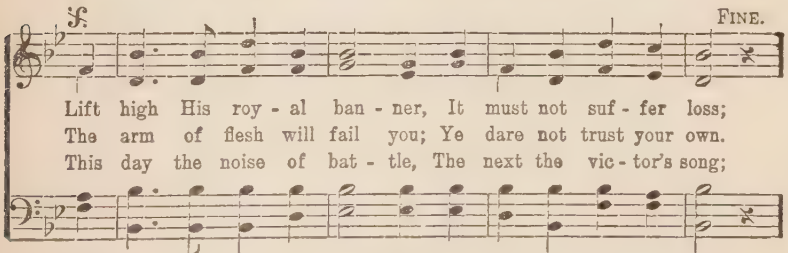

er, my Sav - ior art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
ter-ing crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus. 'tis now.

45 Stand Up for Jesus.

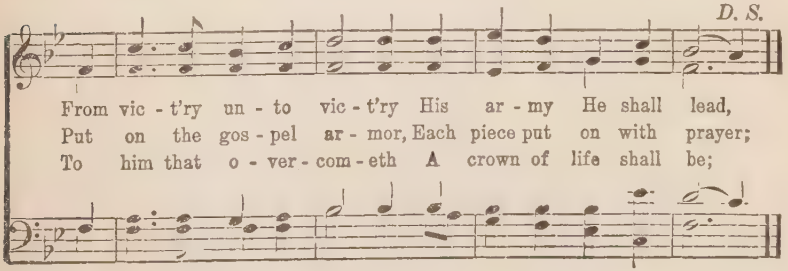
George Duffield, Jr. George J. Webb.

M. 100 = ♩


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;


Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss;
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song;

D.S. Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.


From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my He shall lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Each piece put on with prayer;
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

46 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. Oliver Holden.

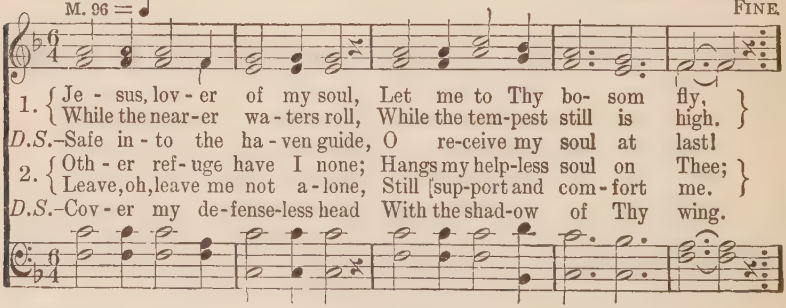
M. 92 = ♩.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro-phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord.... of all.
We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord.... of all.

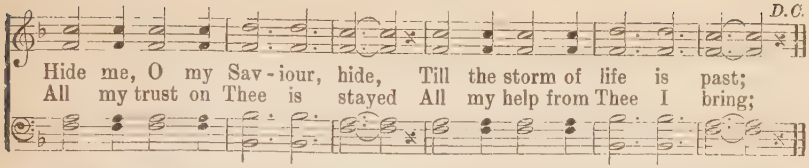
47 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. Simeon B. Marsh.

M. 96 = ♩ FINE.


1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo- som fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high. }
D.S.–Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
2. { Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup-port and com - fort me. }
D.S.–Cov - er my de-fense-less head With the shad-ow of Thy wing.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness.
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

48 Follow the Gleam.

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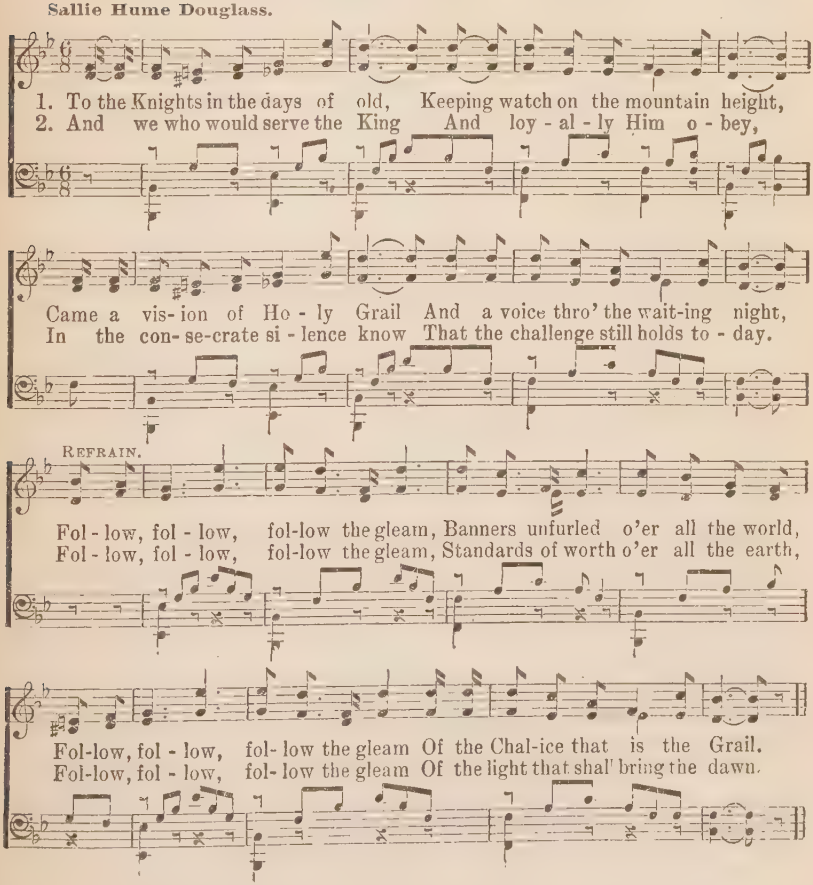
The Silver Bay Prize Song, 1920. Written by Bryn Mawr College.

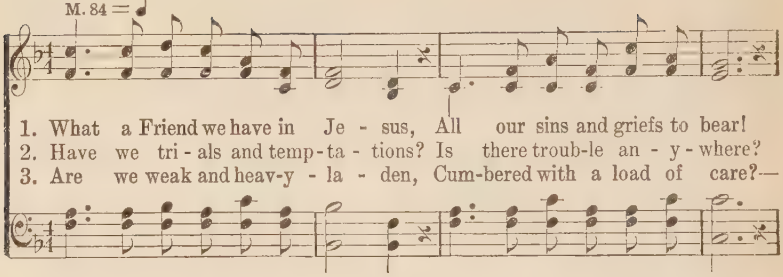
Sallie Hume Douglass.

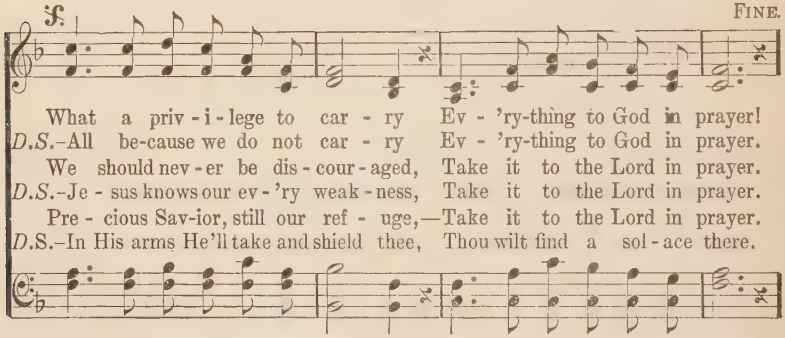

1. To the Knights in the days of old, Keeping watch on the mountain height,
2. And we who would serve the King And loy - al - ly Him o - bey,
Came a vis- ion of Ho - ly Grail And a voice thro' the wait-ing night,
In the con- se-crate si - lence know That the challenge still holds to - day.
REFRAIN.
Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Banners unfurled o'er all the world,
Fol - low, fol - low, fol-low the gleam, Standards of worth o'er all the earth,
Fol-low, fol - low, fol- low the gleam Of the Chal-ice that is the Grail.
Fol-low, fol - low, fol- low the gleam Of the light that shal' bring the dawn.

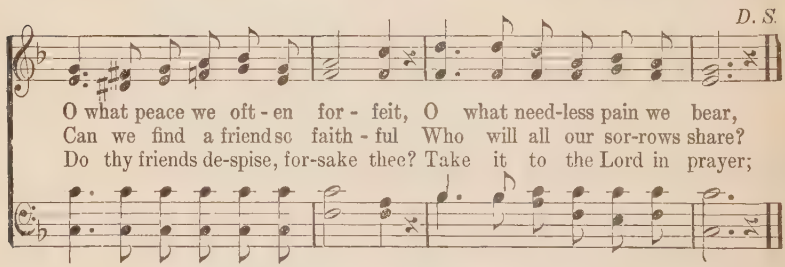
49 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. C. C. Converse.

M. 84 = ♩


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—

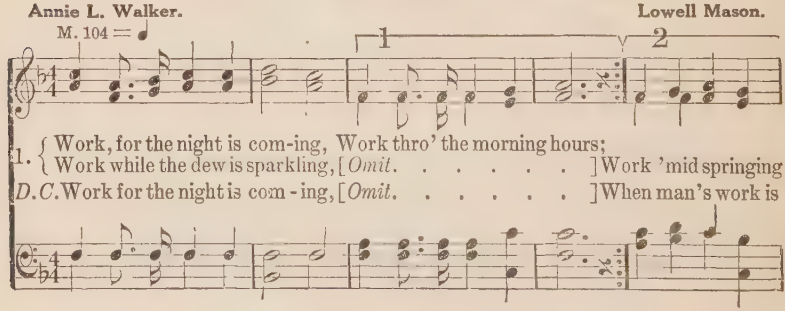

𝄋
FINE.
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
D.S.–All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.–In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.


D. S.
O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

50 Work, for the Night is Coming.

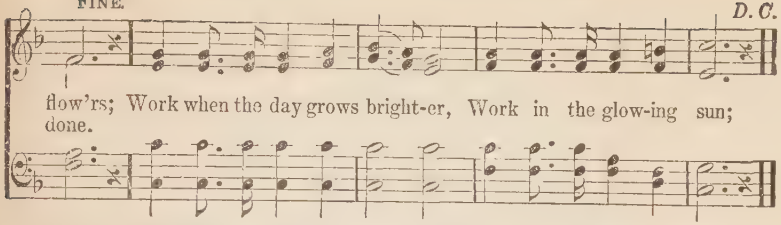
Annie L. Walker. Lowell Mason.

M. 104 = ♩


1
2
1. { Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
{ Work while the dew is sparkling, [Omit. . . . .] Work 'mid springing
D.C. Work for the night is com - ing, [Omit. . . . .] When man's work is

Work, for the Night is Coming.

FINE. D. C.



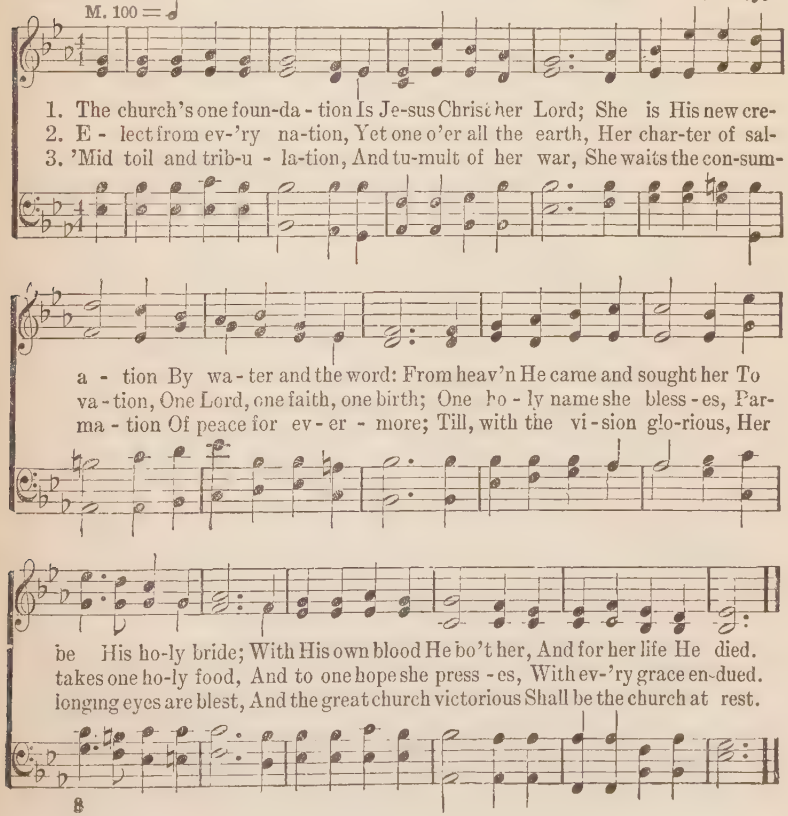
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening
When man's work is o'er.

51 The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. Samuel S. Wesley.

M. 100 = ♩


1. The church's one foun-da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is His new cre-
2. E - lect from ev-'ry na-tion, Yet one o'er all the earth, Her char-ter of sal-
3. 'Mid toil and trib-u - la-tion, And tu-mult of her war, She waits the con-sum-
a - tion By wa - ter and the word: From heav'n He came and sought her To
va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth; One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-
ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more; Till, with the vi - sion glo-rious, Her
be His ho-ly bride; With His own blood He bo't her, And for her life He died.
takes one ho-ly food, And to one hope she press - es, With ev-'ry grace en-dued.
longing eyes are blest, And the great church victorious Shall be the church at rest.

52 Lead On, O King Eternal.

Ernest W. Schurtleff. Henry Smart.

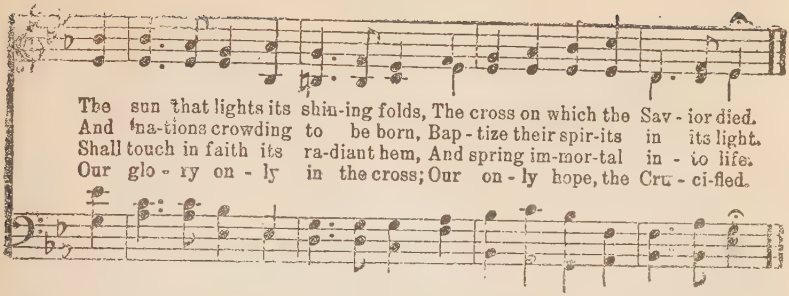
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears,
Hence-forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet a - men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher - e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash - ing, Nor roll of stir-ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us, We jour - ney in its light;
And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king-dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest: Lead on, O Lord of might.

53 Fling Out The Banner.

George W. Doane. John B. Calkin.

1. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner, heathen lands Shall see from far the glo-rious sight,
3. Fling out the ban - ner, sin-sick souls That sink and per - ish in the strife,
4. Fling out the ban - ner, let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide

Fling Out The Banner.


The sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - ior died.
And na-tions crowding to be born, Bap - tize their spir-its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci-fied.

54 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

P. P. B.

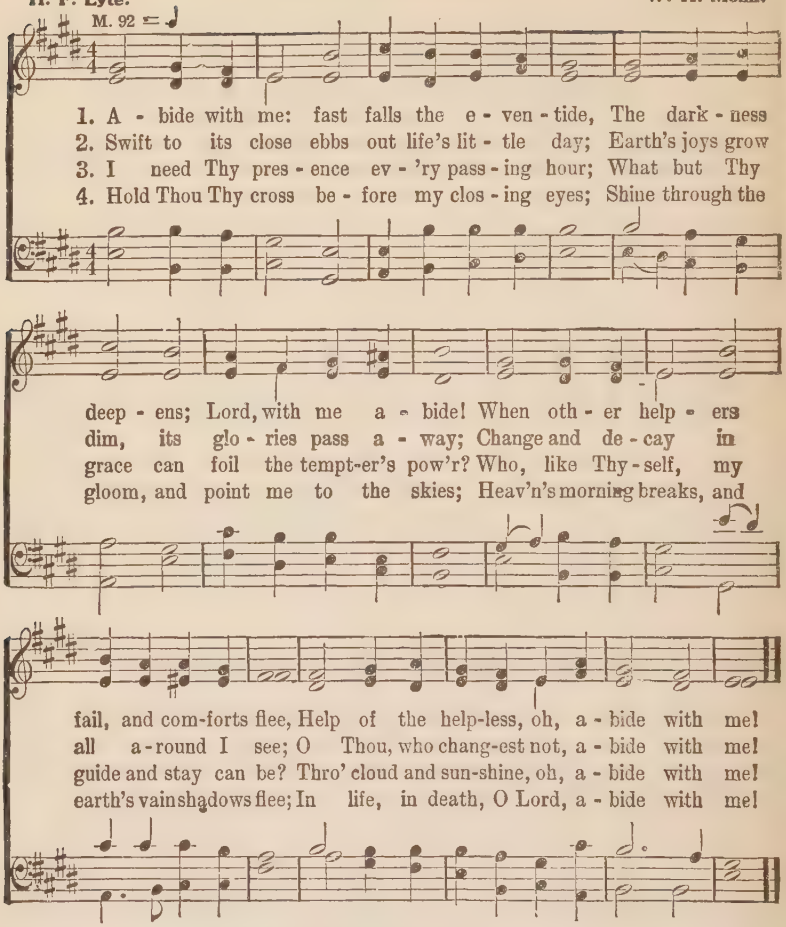
P. P. Bliss.

M. 66 =
1. Brightly beams our Father's mer - cy From His light-house ev - er - more;
2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth-er! Some poor sea-man, tem-pest-tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, longing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
CHORUS.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!
Some poor fainting, struggling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

55 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. W. H. Monk.

M. 92 = ♩


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the
deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the tempt-er's pow'r? Who, like Thy - self, my
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heav'n's morning breaks, and
fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
all a-round I see; O Thou, who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, oh, a - bide with me!
earth's vain shadows flee; In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

56 Hallelujah! What a Savior!

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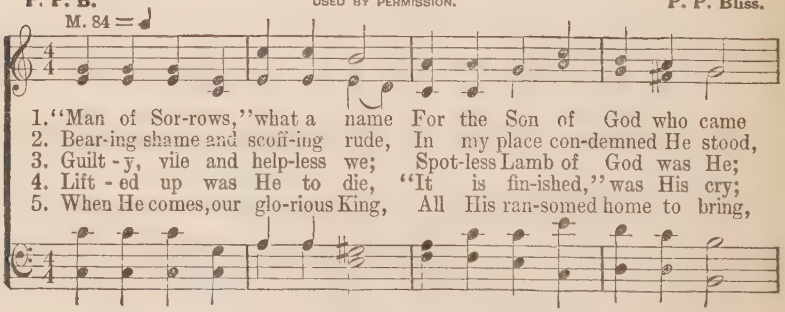
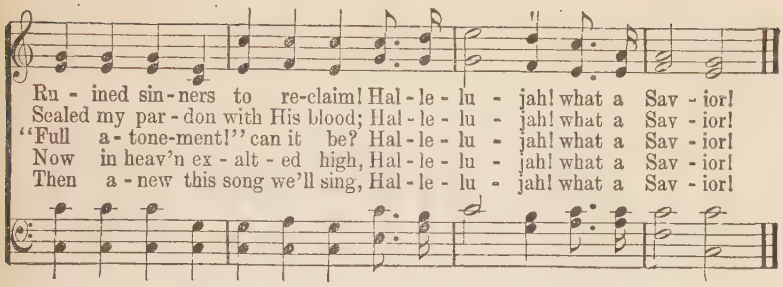
P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

M. 84 = ♩

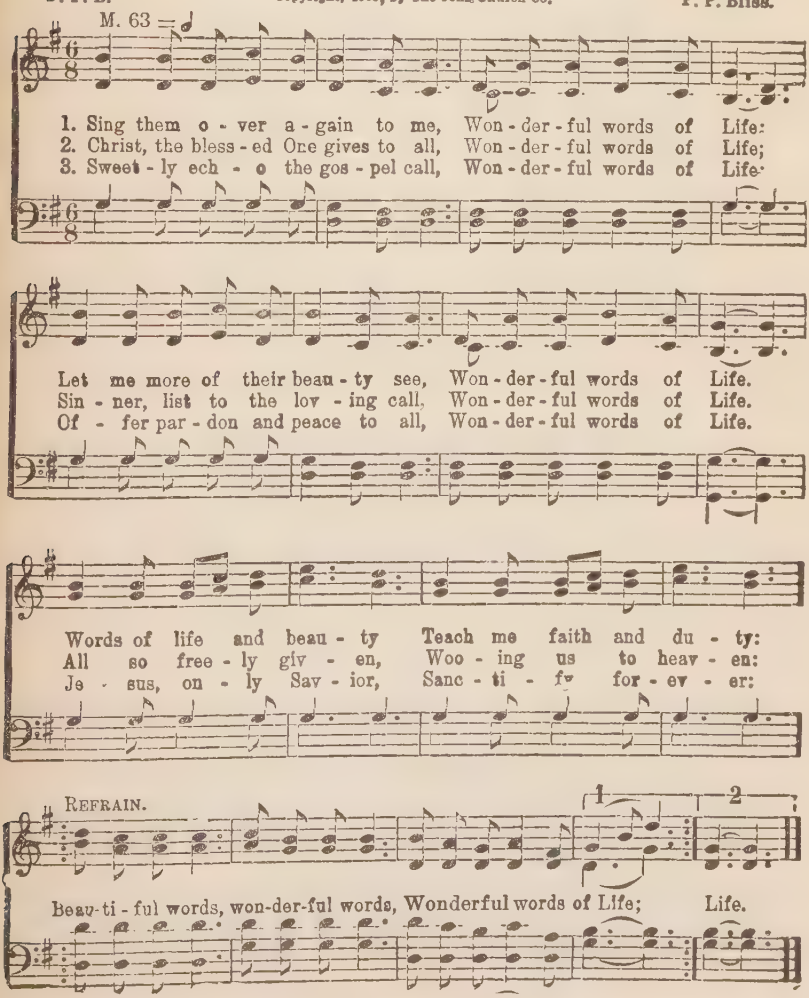

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt - y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift - ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Hallelujah! What a Savior!


Ru - ined sin - ners to re-claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Sealed my par - don with His blood; Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
"Full a - tone-ment!" can it be? Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Now in heav'n ex - alt - ed high, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!
Then a - new this song we'll sing, Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - ior!

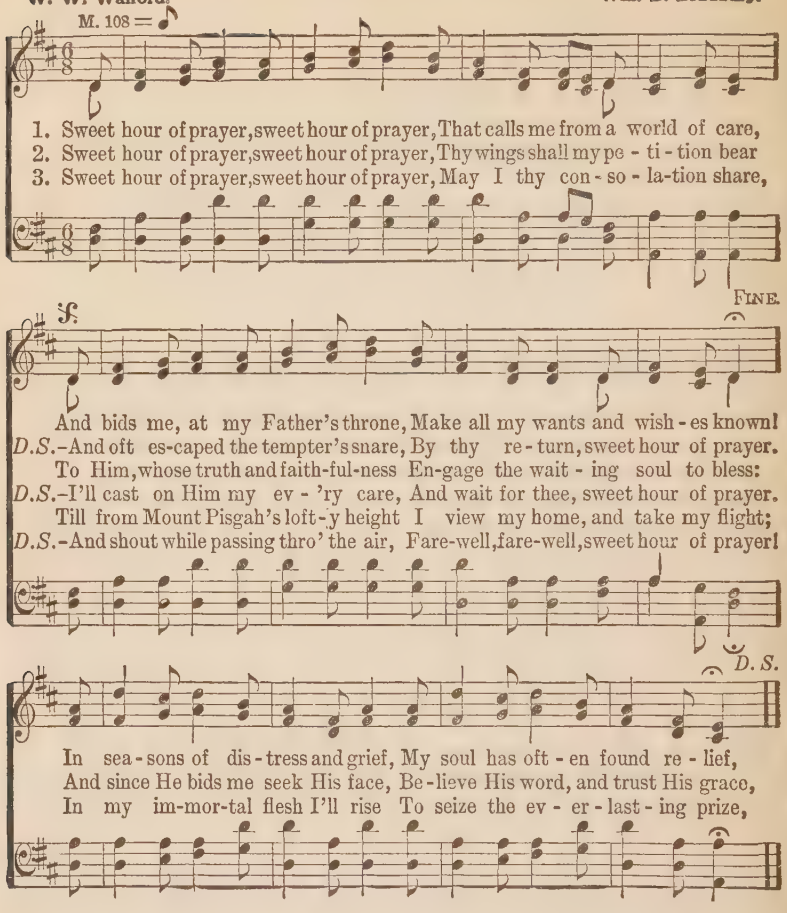
57 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B. Copyright, 1905, by The John Church Co. P. P. Bliss.


M. 63
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life:
2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life:
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
REFRAIN.
1
2
Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

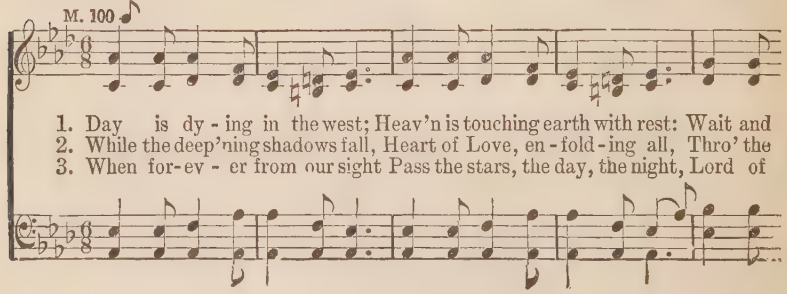
58 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.

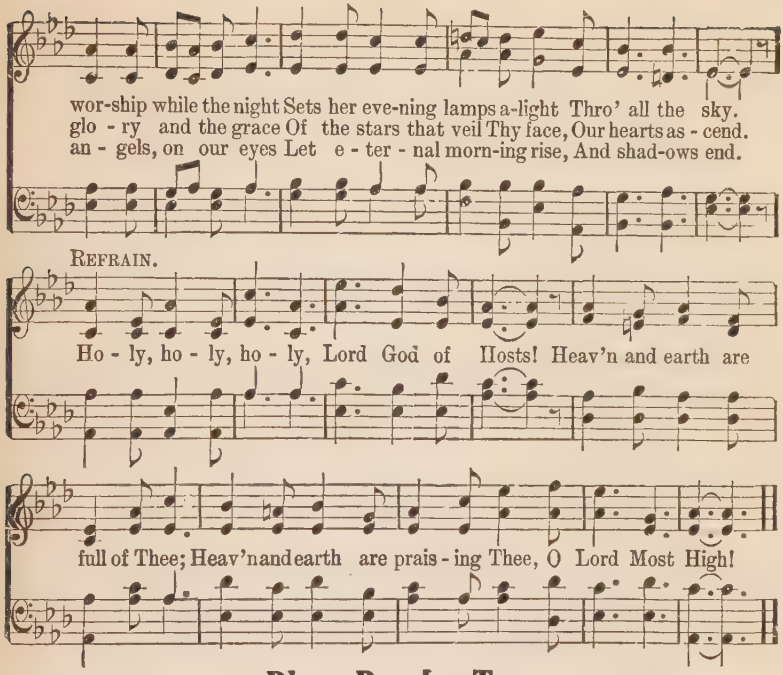

M. 108
1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, May I thy con - so - la-tion share,
FINE.
And bids me, at my Father's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
D.S.-And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-gage the wait - ing soul to bless:
D.S.-I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
Till from Mount Pisgah's loft-y height I view my home, and take my flight;
D.S.-And shout while passing thro' the air, Fare-well, fare-well, sweet hour of prayer!
D. S.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
In my im-mor-tal flesh I'll rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize,

59 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

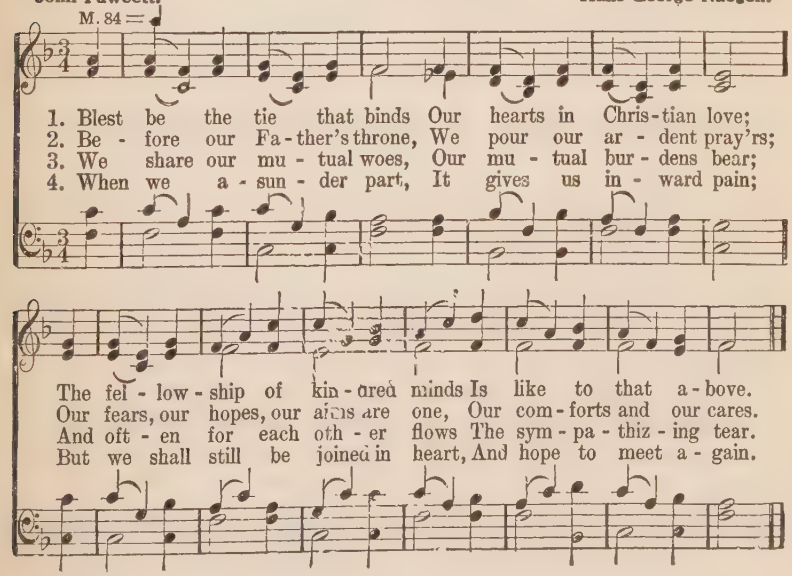

M. 100
1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and
2. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the
3. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

Day is Dying in the West.


wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And shad-ows end.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are
full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

60 Blest Be the Tie.

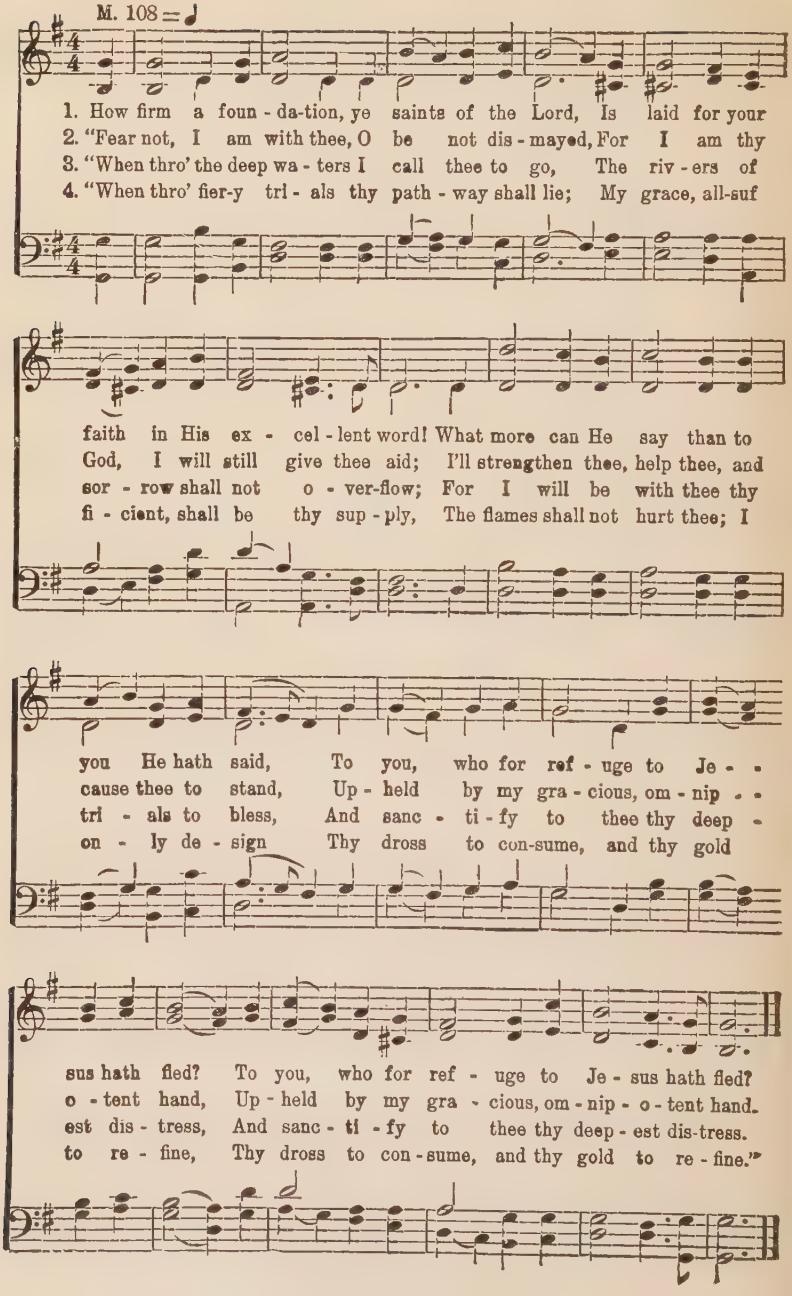
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.


M. 84 =
1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;
The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. Unknown.

M. 108 = ♩


1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path - way shall lie; My grace, all-suf
faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply, The flames shall not hurt thee; I
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je - -
cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - -
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep -
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold
sus hath fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus hath fled?
o - tent hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis-tress.
to re - fine, Thy dross to con - sume, and thy gold to re - fine."

62 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

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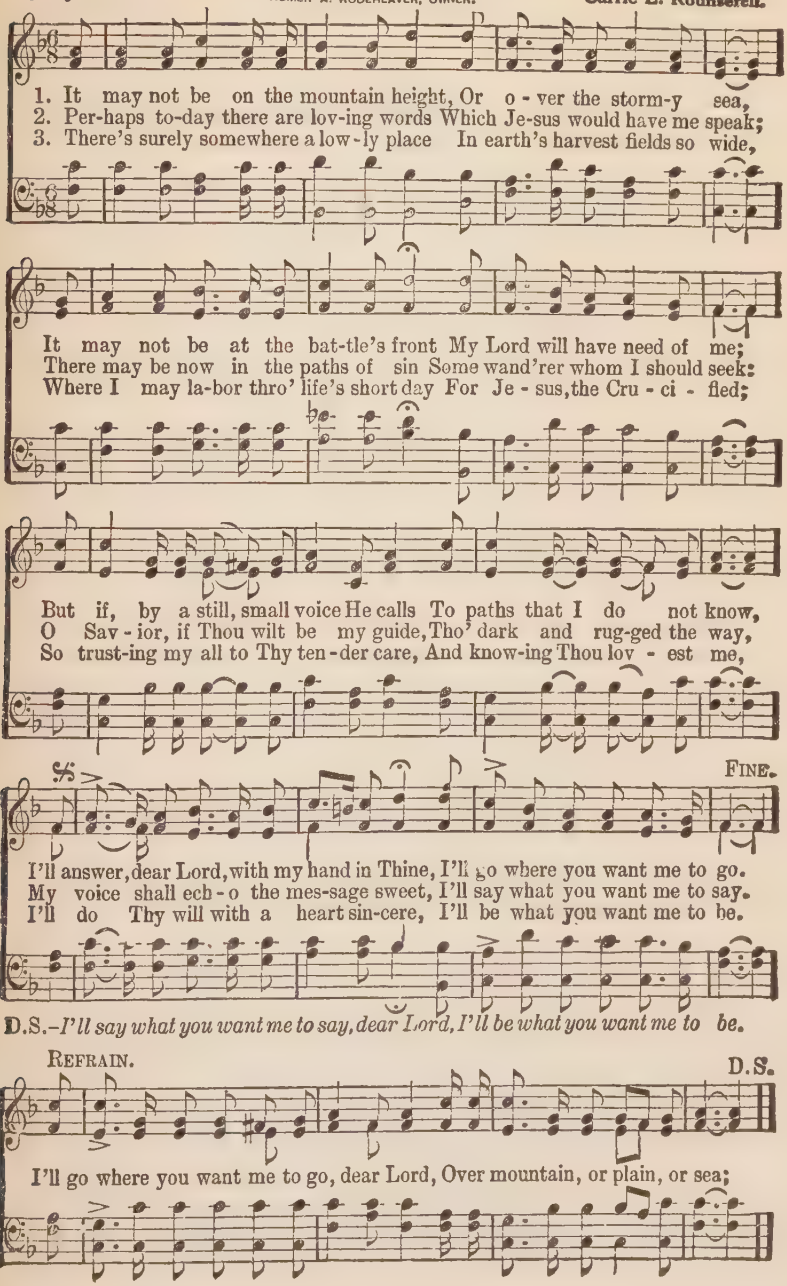
Mary Brown. Carrie E. Rounsefell.


1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea,
2. Per-haps to-day there are lov-ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low-ly place In earth's harvest fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek:
Where I may la-bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied;
But if, by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten-der care, And know-ing Thou lov - est me,
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the mes-sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D.S.–*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D.S.

Make Jesus King.

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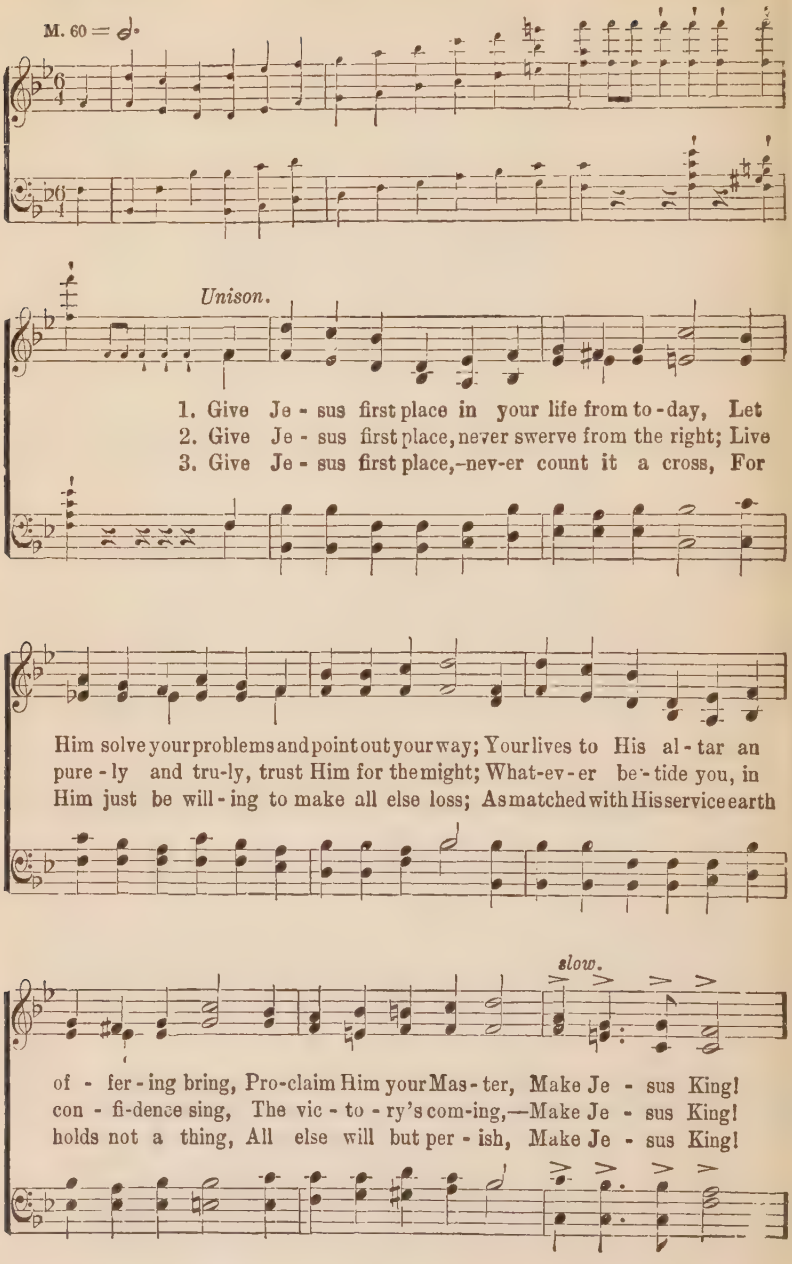
John R. Clements. Chas. H. Gabriel.


M. 60 = 𝅗𝅥.
Unison.
1. Give Je - sus first place in your life from to - day, Let
2. Give Je - sus first place, never swerve from the right; Live
3. Give Je - sus first place,–nev-er count it a cross, For
Him solve your problems and point out your way; Your lives to His al - tar an
pure - ly and tru-ly, trust Him for the might; What-ev - er be - tide you, in
Him just be will - ing to make all else loss; As matched with His service earth
slow.
of - fer - ing bring, Pro-claim Him your Mas - ter, Make Je - sus King!
con - fi-dence sing, The vic - to - ry's com-ing,—Make Je - sus King!
holds not a thing, All else will but per - ish, Make Je - sus King!

Make Jesus King.

CHORUS.

Make Je - sus King!..... Make Je-
Make Je - sus the King of all kings! throne and crown Him! Make Je-sus the
sus King!..... This be the
King of all kings, throne and crown Him! Let this be the song and the
watch-word..... in serv - ice we bring..... Make
watch - word in loy - al - ty un - to our Sovereign in wor-ship we bring; Make
Je - sus King..... make Je - sus
Je - sus the King of all kings, throne and crown Him, Make Je-sus the King of all
king.... ... Tri-umph-ant, all glo - rious..... Make Je-sus King.
kings for - ev - er
all glo-rious

Just a Whispered Prayer.

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George O. Webster. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 88 = ♩
1. Just a whispered prayer, And the load of care From the burdened heart is
2. Just a whispered prayer, And the load you bear And the darkened path grow
3. Just a whispered prayer, And a Friend is there Who can turn your grief to
lift - ed; And a gleam of light Makes the pathway bright, For the heav-y
light - er; Wheresoe'er thou art, With a lift - ed heart You will find your
glad - ness, Who can fill your days With the notes of praise, Who can give you
Chorus.
clouds are rift - ed.....
skies grow bright-er.... Do not trav-el on in dark - ness,.... When
song for sad - ness...
in dark-ness,
you may walk in sun - shine fair;..... You can find the light,
fair, in sun-shine;
And the path-way bright, By the aid of a whis-pered prayer.....
by a prayer.

Steal Away to Jesus.

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Samuel M. Glasgow. Chas. H. Gabriel.

M. 76 = ♩

1. Steal a-way to Je - sus, to the se - cret place of prayer; Steal a - way to
2. Steal a-way to Je - sus, sorrow-crowned His life has been; Steal a - way to
3. Steal a-way to Je - sus, with the vex - ing cares that fret; Steal a - way to
Je-sus, for that fel-low-ship so rare; He has tast - ed our life's grief, He can
Je-sus, His blood cov-ers ev - 'ry sin; He has ev - er loved you so, there the
Je-sus, where your trials you'll for-get; He your soul is ev - er near, to His
give you full re - lief: Steal a - way to Je-sus, His own peace will greet you there.
peace of God you'll know: Steal a - way to Je-sus, healing grace you'll have with-in.
heart your life is dear: Steal a - way to Je-sus, where the ban-quet feast is set.
CHORUS.
Steal a-way, steal a-way to the se - cret place of prayer; Steal a-way to Je - sus, face to face He'll meet you there.
Steal a - way, steal a - way to the se - cret place, the place of prayer; Steal a - way to Je - sus,

Living for Jesus.

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T. O. Chisholm. C. Harold Lowden.

Not fast.

1. Liv-ing for Je-sus a life that is true, Striv-ing to please Him in
2. Liv-ing for Je-sus who died in my place, Bear-ing on Cal-v'ry my
3. Liv-ing for Je-sus wher-ev-er I am, Do-ing each du-ty in
4. Liv-ing for Je-sus thro' earth's little while, My dear-est treas-ure, the
all that I do, Yield-ing al-le-giance, glad-heart-ed and free,
sin and dis-grace, Such love constrains me to an-swer His call,
His Ho-ly Name, Will-ing to suf-fer af-flic-tion or loss,
light of His smile, Seek-ing the lost ones He died to re-deem,
* CHORUS. Unison. A little slower.
This is the path-way of bless-ing for me.
Fol-low His lead-ing and give Him my all.
Deeming each tri-al a part of my cross.
Bringing the wea-ry to find rest in Him.
O Je-sus, Lord and Saviour,
I give my-self to Thee; For Thou, in Thy a-tonement, Didst
give Thy-self for me; I own no oth-er Mas-ter, My heart shall be Thy
rit.
throne, My life I give, henceforth to live, O Christ, for Thee a-lone.

* Melody in lower notes. A two-part effect may be had by having the men sing the melody, th
women taking the middle notes.

Make Me a Blessing.

Ira B. Wilson. (*To the Moody Memorial, Church Choir.*) George S. Schuler

Slowly.

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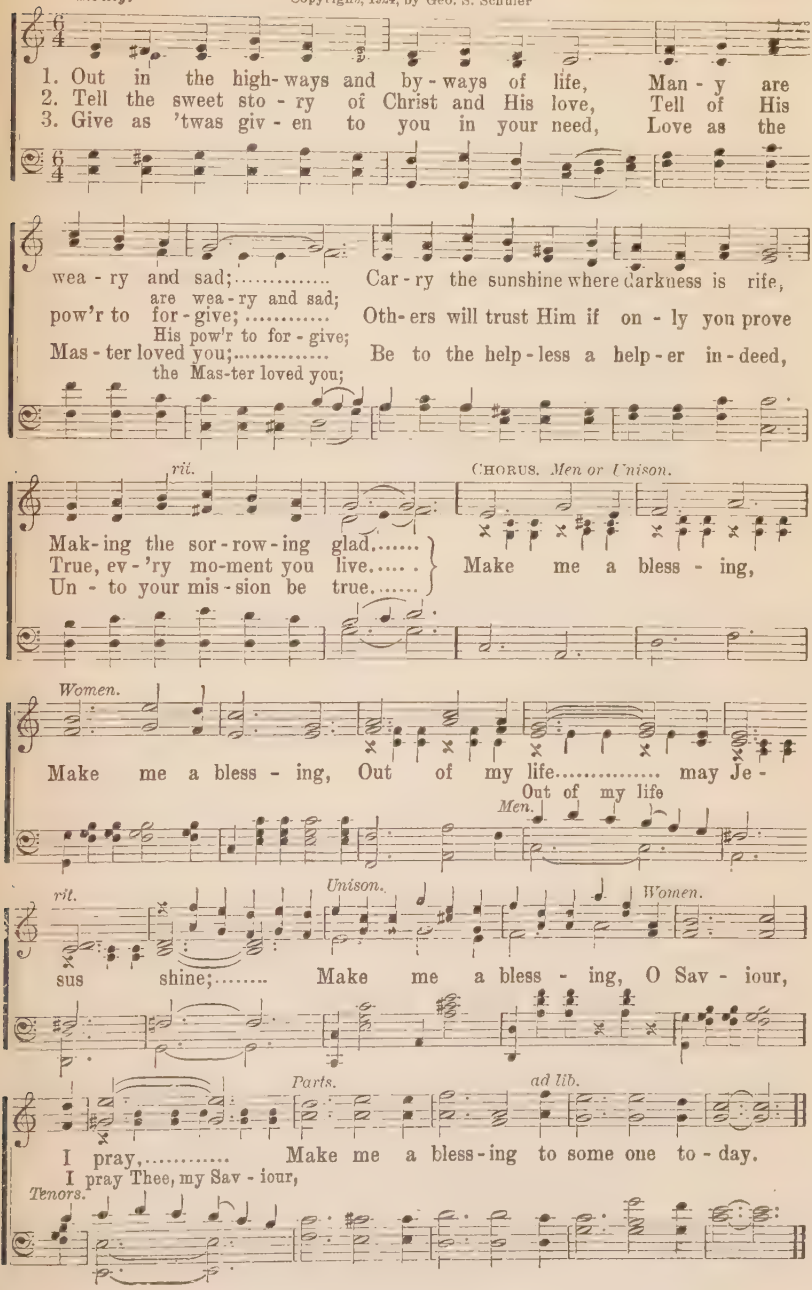
1. Out in the high-ways and by-ways of life, Man-y are
2. Tell the sweet sto-ry of Christ and His love, Tell of His
3. Give as 'twas giv-en to you in your need, Love as the
wea-ry and sad;..... Car-ry the sunshine where darkness is rife,
are wea-ry and sad;
pow'r to for-give;..... Oth-ers will trust Him if on-ly you prove
His pow'r to for-give;
Mas-ter loved you;..... Be to the help-less a help-er in-deed,
the Mas-ter loved you;
rit.
CHORUS. Men or Unison.
Mak-ing the sor-row-ing glad.....
True, ev-'ry mo-ment you live.....
Un-to your mis-sion be true.....
Make me a bless-ing,
Women.
Make me a bless-ing, Out of my life..... may Je-
Out of my life
Men.
rit.
Unison.
Women.
sus shine;..... Make me a bless-ing, O Sav-iour,
Parts.
ad lib.
I pray,..... Make me a bless-ing to some one to-day.
I pray Thee, my Sav-iour,
Tenors.

Sail On!

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C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus. M. 80 = ♩

1. Up - on a wide and storm-y sea, Thou'rt sail-ing to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Art far from shore, and weary-worn—The sky o'er-cast, thy can-vas torn?
3. Do com-rades trem-ble and re-fuse To fur-ther dare the taunt-ing hues?
4. Do snarl-ing waves thy craft as-sail? Art pow'r-less, drift-ing with the gale?

ad lib.

And thy great Ad-m'ral or - ders thee:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
Hark ye! A voice to thee is borne:—"Sail on! sail on! sail on!"
No oth - er course is thine to choose, Sail on! sail on! sail on!
Take heart! God's word shall nev-er fail! Sail on! sail on! sail on!

CHORUS. M. 88 = ♩

Sail on! sail on! the storms will soon be past, The dark - ness

will not al - ways last; Sail on! sail on! God

sail on! sail on!

rit. e dim. *p p*

lives! and He commands: "Sail on! sail on!".....

on! sail on! sail on! sail on!

* May close here.

God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
With His sheep se- cure - ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man-na still pro-vide you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet,..... till we meet,... Till we
Till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we meet,..... till we
till we meet; till we meet,
meet,... God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet,

Awakening Chorus.

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Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A-wake! a - wake! and sing the bless - ed sto - ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad - ness! Re-
A-wake! a-wake!
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A - wake! a-
peat, re-peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Re-peat, re-peat Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
a - wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth, And shout a - new
Male voices in unison.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
Full harmony
glad-ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

Unison.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is backward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
Full Harmony.
Proclaim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the
glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo - rious ban - ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re - joice! re - joice! re - joice!

Unfold, Ye Portals.

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From Gounod's Redemption. Arr. by Paul Beckwith.

Use original piano score for accompaniment.

Molto Moderato.

8va

f

Un - fold, un - fold, un-

fold, Ye por-tals ev - er-last-ing, Un - fold, un - fold, un-

fold, Ye por-tals ev - er - last - ing, With wel - come to re - ceive

Him as-cend-ing on high. Be - hold the King of glo - ry! He

mounts up thro' the sky. Back to the heav'nly mansions hasting, Un-

Unfold Ye Portals.

Fine.
fold, un - fold, un - fold, For lo! the King comes nigh!
f Soprano.
But who is He, the King of glo - ry?
f Chorus.
He who death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.
Soprano.
But who is He, the King of glo - ry?
f Chorus.
Of hosts He is the Lord; of an-gels and of pow'rs; The King of
D. S.
glo - ry is the King of the saints.
ff
Un-

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M 2121 .H9

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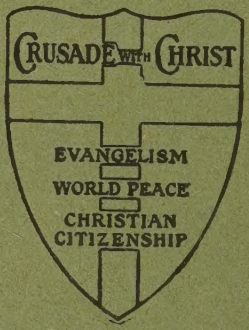

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Hymns for Christian youth